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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

"All things are engaged in writing their own history. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Father's Call.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

Father, we come, Thy thrilling voice obeying;
Up springs the soul, to greet Thy smiles of light;
Gladly our willing hands their gifts are laying,
Without the shrine of faith, so fair and bright.

Thou art indeed our Father, best and dearest,—
How tender, and how constant is Thy care—
Friend of the friendless, always first and nearest,
When earthly friends no more our lot may share.

Words cannot sound the mystic depths of feeling,
Whose calm and silent flow Thy call hath stirred,
Waves of pure thought and fervent prayers revealing,
And love-tones, only angel ears have heard.

Oft in the conflict and the strife, we listen,
And plead for heavenly aid to lead us on,
Then we behold Thy white-winged seraphs glisten,
Our helpers, till life's victory be won.

Yes, we are in their glorious presence ever,
And thine, oh, Father, therefore we adore,
Naught may our human hearts from Thee e'er sever,
We are Thy children, now and evermore.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois on January 5th, 1867, by Mrs. C. F. Corbin.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

CHAPTER XXVI—(CONTINUED.)

With that he drew his chair a hitch nearer Mr. Gladstone, and then went and looked out of the window to see that there wasn't anybody listening. Being satisfied of this, he came back, leaned over toward Mr. Gladstone in an earnest, confidential way, and commenced his story.

As he proceeded Mr. Gladstone's indifference suddenly vanished, and he listened with the gravest attention.

"Joel," he said, when the latter had finished, "you did very rightly in coming to me with this. Your communication may lead to something and it may not, but at any rate I think it best to take it down in writing. I would like to have it by me to refer to, and then if you should die or move away this writing might be used as evidence, if it were necessary."

Joel seemed a little frightened, but acquiesced, and Mr. Gladstone drew up a formal affidavit which Joel duly affirmed and signed, in the proper legal manner.

"Joel," said Mr. Gladstone, when they had finished, "I am deeply grateful to you for your discretion in this matter. It is late in the day to utter a caution about it, but I trust you will be careful not to mention this to any person."

"Oh! sartain, sir, sartain. I wouldn't tell nobody on't for nothin'."

"And your wife?"

"Oh, Creeshy won't say nothin'. Leastwise she might let out a hint sometime, but 'twouldn't be nothin' that nobody could make anything of. Creeshy'll keep dark if I tell her to."

"And Nancy? It seems very strange that two or three people should have known this thing so long, and it never got out at all."

"Well, you know I ain't very quick at supposin' things; and it was a good while afore I thought anything wrong of it. But arter a while it kind o' come to me, as how it was queer, to say the least on't, and then I told Nancy, and she was kind o' frightened, and said maybe 'twa'n't anything anyway. And I never should ha' thought it really was *worth a tellin' on*, 'f 't hadn't been for Creeshy. You need n't be none afraid of Nancy; she won't never think on't again, like as not, if nobody don't say nothin' to her."

"Joel," said Mr. Gladstone, a little doubtingly, "I feel as if you had done me a service, for which I'd like to pay you," and he took out his porte monnaie, keeping his eye all the time in Joel's face.

"Lord! Mr. Gladstone," said Joel, in high scorn, "I don't want yer money. I hain't done nothin'. Go 'long," and with that explosive dismissal of the subject, he rushed out of the office and slammed the door after him.

Mr. Gladstone's smile relapsed into a deeply thoughtful expression of countenance. He sat for five minutes without moving. At the end of that time his eyes grew tender and he drew a long and feeling sigh. Then he rose and closed his office, and walked thoughtfully down the street.

Joel, meanwhile, stopped at the store to do a little errand, and then walked home, muttering to himself in a tone that wasn't at all ill-natured.

"Humph! Offerin' me money. Me—that had the bringin' up of him—the little varmint!"

At that moment, Abraham Gladstone was, to Joel's eyes, only a lad in his teens, over whom Joel, a stout young farmer, exercised a kind of friendly oversight and authority. With all the difference in circumstance, the old tie held good; and because love is never more nor less than love, however seasons change, Joel still spurned the idea of taking money from his old friend.

The next morning there was a great stir in the doctor's kitchen. Mr. Linscott and his mother were coming over from Jericho, to spend a day or two—Mr. Linscott was assiduously cultivating all his Wyndham acquaintances now—and upon Creeshy's shoulders rested the onerous duty of making preparations for them.

"Joel," said Lucretia, sharply, as that worthy entered with a great armful of oven-wood, "I should like to know the reason that we never have no eggs? It is full two weeks since you've brought in a single egg. After all the fuss you made all winter, about keepin' over hens, I should think we might have an egg, now and then, as well as our neighbors. Six hens about the place, to say nothing of chickens, and not an egg to use."

"One on 'em 's a cockerel," said Joel, coolly, "and—"

"That don't make no difference," said Creeshy, spitefully. "It ain't nothing at all to the purpose if they was all roosters. There ought to be some eggs in the house—five hens around a place, and no eggs. A pretty how d'y do!"

"Cart wheel run over one on 'em 'tother day," said Joel, "and—"

"I don't want to hear none o' yer excuses. A man'll set and make excuses all day long, if you'll let him. It is your business to see that them hens lay. I say that with a grist of hens about a place, and no eggs in the house, and you a eating the doctor's vittles, and a taking his money every day of your life, it ain't no better'n stealin'."

"Two of 'em 's a settin'," said Joel, "and—"

"Two of 'em a settin'! I should like to know what hens are a settin' for in August. I expect the doctor's a counting on briled chicken for breakfast about Thanksgiving time. That's all the sense he's got. When folks don't marry, I do b'leve they get to be fools. What on airth are 'tother two hens a doin'?"

"'Spect they're a laying to 'em," said Joel.

The doctor, who had passed through the kitchen at the beginning of this friendly chat, now re-appeared at the door.

"Joel," said he, "how many chickens do you expect old Blue-top to hatch?"

"Not any," said Joel.

"She's setting on the barn floor with twenty-seven eggs under her, and not so much as a wisp of straw for a nest. She's a—little—too—ambitious, I'm afraid, and needs regulat'ing."

"More fool she," said Joel. "Ye see, doctor, what with all these showers the hay has bothered me so, that I hain't thought a word about the hens for a fortnight. Creeshy, if you'll just lift up that pan, right by your hand, you'll find a couple o' dozen of eggs that I fetched home from the store last night. I 'spected ye'd be a wantin' eggs to-day. But I reckoned 'twould do ye good to hev yer blow out."

Joel saw a vision of a rolling-pin in mid-air, and dodged out of the door with an explosive laugh and cackle.

"Guess I got the better on her that time," said he to the doctor.

"Ye see," said Lucretia, apologetically, to Miss Joanna, who came into the kitchen just in time to witness the conclusion of hostilities, "I shouldn't care nothin' about old Mrs. Linscott. She's particular, to be sure, but then I ain't afraid to compare cookin' with her, any time. I know all about her. But that Miss Ridlehuber'll be here to tea, and these city folks do put me out so."

"I don't think it is worth while to be troubled much about Miss Ridlehuber," said Miss Joanna. "Her lover will be here, you know, and people in love are not supposed to care much for good eating."

"Oh, that ain't neither here nor there, with Miss Ridlehuber," said Lucretia. "I watched 'em at the pic-nic, and

I tell you she ain't none too much took up with Mr. Linscott. If she could have got the lawyer she'd have given the minister the go-by quick enough."

"Oh, Lucretia, you shouldn't judge people so harshly. I am sure Mr. Gladstone has been very attentive to Miss Ridlehuber, and if she had fancied him, she had no reason that I know of for thinking that she couldn't win him."

"Humph," said Lucretia, "you ain't one of Miss Ridlehuber's kind, and never was. She knows what she is about. Not but what she's good enough for Mr. Linscott. He needs somebody that is sly and catty, and can pull the wool over his eyes, and he'll get it in her."

There was some farther chat about kitchen mysteries, and then Miss Joanna went out into the garden to gather berries for tea.

In her deep mourning robes, Joanna looked taller, and thinner, and sweeter than ever. There was no longer the freshness of youth in her face, but a beauty that youth cannot boast, the beauty which only long years of spiritual experience can ripen, shone all over her pale, delicate countenance. Leaning over the raspberry vines, and staining her finger-tips with their crimson lusciousness, her mind was busy with grave things. She was thinking of Miss Ridlehuber, and of the youthfulness and vivacity which, on that pic-nic day which Lucretia had brought to her memory, she had witnessed among the young people of the town.

"My life," she said, to herself, "has missed all that. I can never remember one such day of buoyant happiness as those girls will carry in their memories for many a year. Not that my girlhood was altogether wanting in joys. Oh, no," and the raspberries swam in a mist before her eyes. "But that was all so still, so deep, and in the end so sad. And now my youth is gone, and I shall never—never—laugh that shrill, happy laugh of girlhood; never trifle and coquette and make merry, in that innocent way that so becomes girls, and makes their very lives a beauty. And yet, I am not old; I cannot subside at once into the narrow, monotonous habits of age."

She paused, and a drop that was not dew glistened on the raspberry leaves.

"I must—somehow—win something to love; not to love me. That was all over when my little Kitty died. She can never come back to me, but I shall go to her. Meantime I must find something to love."

A project existed in a nebulous state in Miss Joanna's mind. She would need somebody more practical than herself to bring about its execution, but nevertheless she was quite determined upon that thing. She would have something to love.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW MRS. MOSS PAID THE DOCTOR.

One soft midsummer evening, Rebecca had retired to her own room, after tea, to finish copying a manuscript, when she was interrupted by a very gentle knock at the door.

It was Miss Joanna.

"May I come in?" she said.

Rebecca hastened to give her welcome, and to put away her papers, for she saw by Miss Joanna's face that she had something of especial import upon her mind.

"Don't your light draw insects?" said Joanna, after a few moments' chat, with an innocent attempt at artifice.

"I think it does," said Rebecca. "Suppose we put it out and sit in the moonlight."

"That will please me a great deal better," said Joanna.

The light was therefore extinguished. The moon streamed in through the open window, and the night breeze swayed the climbing vines around it, through which a bat was flitting to and fro.

"I came over," said Joanna, "just because I felt lonely, and wanted to talk with somebody that would understand me. I get so miserable at times since dear little Kitty died, that it seems to me if I don't have some change, I shall get back into those old unhappy ways of which she cured me."

"I am glad you came," said Rebecca, "for I was feeling much in the same mood myself."

"Oh, you should never get lonely, you who have so much to do. Milton says, and I am sure it is true, that it is occupation that I need, and possibly—something else."

"Yes, Miss Joanna, something else."

"Yes, but occupation; not only work for the hands, but work for the head and the heart are so necessary to women. We are naturally generators, you know; we have the nervous or creative power in far greater plenitude than men; we suffer from *ennui* when they loll in perfect comfort, and when the stream of constant doing and giving gets choked and dammed, the whole life is overflowed with the restrained force, and we get—dreadful thing that it is—nervous."

"And the upshot of it is, that you want something to do."

"Yes, and I'm not like Laura; who, if she were left destitute to-day, could go out into the world, and provide for herself, and at the same time do yeoman's service in reformatory work. I think Laura has a duty in that direction which she will commit sin if she much longer neglects. But that is not my case. I must have work in which my heart is engaged. I must get all my forces into the field, or I shall perish."

"That suggests to me a new idea," said Rebecca, "concerning the difference between what is properly man's and woman's work. A man's work engages his hands, or his head, perhaps both, but seldom, except in a cold or indirect way, his heart. But a woman's work properly strikes the full chord of her being. Head, hand and heart must all work together to make and keep the house, and people it with new life."

"You women with brains philosophize as you breathe," said Joanna, with a quaint little smirk, "now I should never have thought of that. But it is so. But to get back to my work. When Kitty died, I thought I could never take another child into her place, and I never can. I loved her, and she loved me, little darling. No one else will ever love me as she did. I am not quite sure that I would have one; but Rebecca, I might have a child, whom I could love and care for and feel an interest in; don't you think so?"

The shadows in the room hid Miss Joanna's face, but the softness of her tones diffused a sense of tender, delicate feeling all about her.

"Certainly," said Rebecca. "I see nothing but good in such a purpose."

"I have an idea in my head," said Joanna, "but I am such an unpractical body, I shall never get about it aright without a little help."

"Is it anything that I can do?" asked Rebecca, cheerfully.

"I think perhaps you might, at least, suggest something. You know Mrs. Moss named her youngest boy after Milton."

"Oh! yes," said Rebecca, in deliberate surprise.

"Do you suppose—she has so many—she would part with that one? It wouldn't be like giving it up altogether, you know, for she would see him often, and we would do well by him. What little money I have, he would have if he outlived me, and Milton would be a good friend to him."

"Have you said anything to the doctor?"

"Not yet. I felt a little—you know—I thought I'd tell you first."

"And shall I be your minister plenipotentiary?" asked Rebecca, laughing.

"If you will."

"Oh, with pleasure," said Rebecca. "I like the scheme, and though Mrs. Moss is a good mother, she is also a sensible woman, and may perhaps be brought to see the matter in that light. You are sure you will be satisfied to take a boy?"

"Yes. I've thought of that. If he grows up, and is a good boy, as of course I hope he will be, he will be more dependence to me by and by. I think I should be very proud of having brought up a boy to a fine, noble manhood."

"He'd upset some of your precise notions wonderfully."

"Oh, yes, I've looked that vision of muddy boots and torn trousers, and disordered rooms, quite valiantly in the face. I rather think it is just what I need."

"Well, then, I can recommend the child. He is a bright little fellow, and of a finer fiber than the elder children. But really, I think you might better speak to the doctor yourself. You know the doctor is jealous concerning his own kin."

"So he is, and he's a good brother, such a good brother. I don't know what I should have done all these years without Milton. I will speak to him this very night if I can see him alone. Talking with you has made the thing seem so much more real and feasible than it did before. I knew you would understand my feelings, as hardly anybody else could."

Two or three days later, Rebecca and Joanna set out for a walk across the fields to Mrs. Moss' cottage. Miss Joanna was a little nervous, but Rebecca's cheerful chat put some heart into her, and by the time they reached the cottage gate, she was in quite good spirits. The doctor had been consulted, and had given a quiet approval. He had even talked the matter over with Mrs. Moss, quite unknown to Miss Joanna, wisely judging that if the plan were to succeed it must be managed with some skill and force.

"If Joanna takes him," the doctor had said to Mrs. Moss, "he will have what little money she has got, if he does well. I shall see that he has a good education and a fair start in life. I shan't make an heir of Milton. The bulk of my money—what there is of it—will go to Laura's children. But I shall see that Milton has a good start in the world; and on the whole, if you can make up your mind to give him up, I don't see but the boy will be well enough off."

Mrs. Moss had slept little that night. Moses had halled the project as a "good thing for the boy;" but Mrs. Moss' heart misgave her. Many tears and many prayers, and much

setting of the matter in all possible lights, had gone to her decision. But she had at last quietly made up her mind, and when she saw the two ladies approaching across the fields, her face wore a very solemn look.

The children were all outside in the yard, just organizing for a game of tag, little Milton, a five year old, being perched upon the top rail of the fence, watching the process. Joanna stopped and spoke to him.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, rather shyly, for Miss Joanna was held in great reverence by the children of the village.

"You are a nice little boy," said Joanna, "would you like some candy?"

His eyes grew very bright and expectant, as she put her hand in her pocket and drew forth a long twisted stick of red and white candy.

"Thank you, ma'am," he exclaimed, and was down off the fence in jiffy to display his prize.

The ladies then passed into the cottage. Mrs. Moss received them with a grave but kindly welcome.

"I suppose I know your errand," she said after a few minutes' chat. "The doctor was here yesterday and told me all about it. He says you want to take my Milton home with you."

The poor woman made such a visible effort against breaking down, and sustained herself so heroically, that Joanna choked up, and couldn't possibly reply, but Rebecca said:

"I am glad the doctor has been here, for he could put the matter so much more practically and sensibly than we could. Miss Joanna means nothing but kindness towards you and yours, and we hope you will be able to see it in that way."

"Oh! I do, I do. I know that mothers can't keep their children always with them. There's Theodore, he ain't satisfied here. He's a going down to New York next month; he's got a good place engaged there, where he can do better, he thinks, than he can here. At first, I thought I couldn't give my consent, but I finally see that it ain't for a mother that's gi'n up and gi'n up all her life, to get selfish in her old age. If he can do better there, he must go."

Her voice would tremble a little, and she stopped and looked down and creased the hem of her apron in silence.

"Yes," said Rebecca, "that is the duty of a mother to sacrifice her own to her children's good. We hoped you would see this matter of Milton in that light."

"Miss Rebecca," said the mother, looking up suddenly, "this ain't no such matter as that. Theodore's brought up; I've done all for him that I can do; the natural time has come for him to leave home, and God seems to have ordered that he shall go. But Milton's a baby yet, so to speak. I hain't done my duty by him yet. To be sure if Moses was to die, I might have to put more or less of 'em out to be brought up, and shouldn't be likely to get such chances as this for 'em neither, but then God hain't called me to that trouble yet, nor I hope he won't right away. If I give Milton up it ain't altogether because I think he's ago'n to do better, because it ain't clear to my mind, that money or advantages can ever make up for the loss of an own mother. You'll be good to him, Miss Joanna, I know that. It ain't in your nature to be otherwise; but then he ain't your flesh and blood, as he is mine; you hain't known his father and had patience with him twenty years as I have, and you can't know and have patience with his child. Still, I know you'll be good to him."

"And you will be his mother still," said Miss Joanna, "and shall see him whenever you choose. Oh, I couldn't be so selfish as that; to try and put any barrier between a child and his own mother."

"Yes, but there'll be a barrier all the same. His life will be different from my life; he won't set by the same things any more, that his brothers and sisters do; and he may—God knows—get proud and feel above 'em."

Miss Joanna was silent. There was more in the depth of this woman's soul than she could at once comprehend.

"Money ain't always a blessing," continued Mrs. Moss, "especially to children, nor advantages ain't any more, unless they make good use of 'em. I've thought about it a good deal, and if it wa'n't for nothing but the advantages, I shouldn't let Milton go. If he stays where God put him, God will be responsible for him. If I go and put him out of the way of the blessings God gave him, for others that I think more of, then I take the responsibility, which I'm loth to do. I'd got just so far a thinking about it, when I seemed to see another thing, and that was this. Now Miss Joanna, I ain't a trying to set myself up, nor give myself airs. I'm just a telling you the solemn truth, and I want you to know it, because I don't want you to feel as if I sold my child for money."

"There ain't nobody in the world out of my own family that's done more for me than Doctor Gaines has. He's been a good friend to me, when I hadn't many other friends to stand by me; and I know he sets more by you than by any thing else living. Now, you two have got money and a good name, and good advantages every way. You've got everything but one, and that's children to love you and be good to you in your old age, and to keep up your name and memory when you are dead and gone. For what good is a man's life to him, if it is all to go down into the grave with

him, and nothing but a tombstone to keep his memory from rotting. So, if I give you my boy, my baby," the tears and the sobs would come then in spite of her, "I don't do it from any proud or selfish gladness that he's to be a bigger man and have more money than his brothers, but because the doctor has given his best to me, which was care and kindness and sympathy when I needed 'em, and now I'm willing to give my best to him when he needs it; and to you too, Miss Joanna, for I know how lonely you be, and I pity ye."

The tears were raining down Joanna's pale cheeks, and Mrs. Moss was sobbing.

"It is all true that you have said," said Joanna, "and if I can help it, Mrs. Moss, you shall never have cause to regret your generosity."

There was some farther talk, and then it was settled that Milton should make the change the next day. He sobbed some when he understood the matter, and clung to his mother's bosom, with childish passion and the mother, how her heart yearned over him in that last embrace, the last when he should be hers, no pen can tell, and as she gave him up to go, she said:

"Don't ever think, Miss Joanna, that I cared for the money; but I hope he will be a good boy, and a comfort to you and yours as you grow old and need him."

And Joanna seeing the strength and truthfulness of this woman's heart, felt her soul grow great with the thought of what it is to be a mother.

Rebecca had staid behind on that first evening, to ask a few questions about Theodore.

"He's bent upon going," said his mother. "Seems like the boy's possessed with the idea of being a rich man."

"Yes, but does he realize what it is to leave home and friends, and go into such scenes of temptations as he must encounter in that great wicked town?"

"Ah! that is it, Miss Rebecca, that is what troubles me most. I've tried to do my duty by Theodore, but when I think of it, I ain't clear that I've done all I ought to by him. I've tried to have his father talk to him, but he won't take nothing from his father as he would from me, and there's some things I can't talk to him about. But I've tried to do my duty by him, and must trust God for the rest. He's been a good boy so far, ever since he got into business, and I do hope he'll be good to the end."

Then she went on with motherly care and pride, and told how many shirts she had made for him, and how many stockings, and how she had worked hard to buy him a handsome Bible to put in his trunk, and when at last it was all told, she could only say:

"And, Miss Rebecca, won't you pray for him, that he may be kept from all evil. He is my best hope and stay in this world, and I can't—I can't—lose him by reason of bad conduct."

"Indeed I will, and Mrs. Moss, you must remember that his very pride and ambition will be a shield to him."

"Oh! I know that. Theodore won't lie nor he won't steal; and with all he's seen of liquor at home, I ain't much afraid he'll drink, but there's other ways of badness, and my boy brought up in this quiet town, what does he know about 'em, and what can I tell him, and yet if I could tell him he'd take it better from me than from any body else. Miss Rebecca, I can't see clearly what my duty is."

Just then Theodore came in. He caught right quickly the tone of the two women's talk. He said little while Rebecca staid, but when she had gone, he put his two hands on his mother's shoulders, and looking straight into her eyes, he said:

"Don't you worry about me, mother. I've got that in me that won't give way to anything mean or disgraceful. When I come back to Wyndham, I shall never be ashamed to look you in the face, just as I am doing now. Mother, will you trust me?"

"Yes, Theodore, I will," and from that moment, the mother's heart was easy about her boy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MAN'S LOVE.

When, on the morning after, Mr. Gladstone reviewed the picnic, the only incidents throughout the length and breadth of the day's occurrences which remained impressed upon his mind, were his pleasant chat with Rebecca under the whispering forest trees, and the look of pain in her face as she left him.

All these years of steady, hard work at his profession, with always a deep and solemn purpose in view, had not left Mr. Gladstone a trifler. He had flirted a little with women lately, because such women as fell in his way had seemed to be good for little else than flirting. But since his acquaintance with Rebecca had deepened into a friendship, he had not been in a humor for trifling. Something more than the mere passion of his soul was touched. A new nature, a spiritual being which he had before been scarcely conscious of possessing, seemed thrilling into subjective life. His vision seemed clearer; his senses more acute; there was an uplifting of his soul into a purer atmosphere, a grander horizon, than he had ever known before. Life in this new air took a joyous brightness which was not altogether due to the rose-tint, which he was growing quite

sensible suffused it. Apart from this woman who seemed born to set his soul free from all thralldom, and uplift him as on cherubic wings, was the cheering consciousness of this new fact which he had never more than suspected before, that the outlook of his life could be so enlarged and glorified. His eyes were turned upward to look at this woman, and the wealth of Ophir would not have bought her from his gaze, if she must be replaced by a woman who should draw him back again to his old level.

The tender, lingering memory of those moments of refreshing which he had passed at Rebecca's side, deepened the remembrance of that look of pain which she wore at parting.

"The speech would have been contemptible," he said to himself, "if it had not had power to wound that gentle heart. It shall be my task to extract the thorn," and he hugged to himself a most delicious sense of coming joy, as he thought how he should win back the light into that face which was growing so dear to him.

But an obstacle lay in his way which he could not foresee.

All through the gay scenes of that day, the words of Miss Lillian had rung incessant changes through Rebecca's brain.

"I know Mr. Gladstone very well, and he will never marry her."

Indignant tears pressed up to her eyes and were choked hotly back. Old unforgotten agonies wrenched her heart anew. There was a time when no one living would have spoken of her with that accent, least of all Miss Lillian Meredith. Was her life to be forever blighted by that ancient wrong? More poignant if less deep was the feeling of that new tenderness, which, now as never before, she saw must be uprooted.

"Because he is noble," she said, "I will not abuse him—I never yet intentionally brought dishonor on any human being. I will not commence with the man whom I—might love."

Therefore when these two met again they were very much at cross purposes. Mr. Gladstone was gentle, courteous, winning in his manners as he had never been before. Rebecca steeled herself to be impassive, unresponding. It was a hard thing for her to do, for in this direction she was not strong, but very weak and yielding. Her heart ached so for tenderness and rest, that when she saw them offered to her with an intent which she knew was honest, and in a measure which she knew would be full and satisfying, it was very hard to turn her eyes coldly away and seem neglectful. And Mr. Gladstone, driven sometimes to the point of despair by her persistency, still gathered enough of this reluctance from her manner, to feed his hope, and grew more and more determined day by day.

She avoided him everywhere. Since the day of the picnic, he had never for a moment seen her alone. "If I could get five words with her privately," he said, "I believe I could melt this barrier between us; could convince her that I am but too much in earnest; could win her to give up this strange, unnatural opposition. For let her seem as cold as she may be, I do believe she is not insensible."

He might have written. He had thought often of that, but there was such an intense longing in his heart, to look into her eyes when the love-light should be welling up into them, to watch moment by moment the swift, tender changes of her face, the flushing and retreating color, the raising and drooping eyelids, the passionate yielding, the coy reticence of her manner, that he felt he could wait, almost indefinitely, for the sake of making that delicious goal at last.

One August evening, entering Miss Joanna's parlor, where he was a privileged guest, he found a group of ladies, representatives of some notable charity, monopolizing Miss Joanna; and standing at a window, looking out quite absently upon the sunset—Rebecca. He sent a little cry of thanksgiving upward and having made his compliments to Miss Joanna, and excused himself till she should be at liberty, approached Rebecca. As she turned to receive his greeting, he thought he had never seen her look sweeter. She wore a dress of white muslin, relieved only by a bit of black lace at the throat. A faint color enhanced the beauty of her clear, transparent skin. Her soft, luxuriant hair, its florid tint well-kindled by a late sunbeam, was drawn back from the face and coiled in heavy masses at her neck, while her eyes, half sad, half luminous with a tender light, shone on him like stars out of dusky evening skies.

He took her hand without a word of reply to her quiet "good evening."

"My dear friend," he said, "I love you. Is there any need that you shun me thus?"

She looked up at him with eyes of such mute, pitiful dismay, that he could but apologize for his abruptness.

"Forgive me," he said, "I know you cannot answer me here, but won't you give me five minutes alone with you. My buggy is at the door; when your call is ended let me drive you home. Will you go now?"

"Oh!" she said, "my friend, I would have spared you this, if you would have let me."

Her words and tears were both ominous, and he felt his heart sinking; but he had gone too far now to retract. With one long steady look at her face, which, half averted,

was still plainly suffused with pain, he turned to Miss Joanna, and gravely excusing himself in a way which long acquaintance made permissible, came back and offered his hand to Rebecca. Her shawl and dainty evening head-dress were in the hall, and she was quickly wrapped. The tenderness of his manner as he placed her in the buggy and adjusted her robes, was touched with the sadness her words had caused him, and he was seated by her side and had headed the horse for a dim, secluded road which led quite out of the town, before a word was spoken by either.

"Now, Rebecca," he said at length, with a gracious endeavor to be gay, "I want to know my doom."

She put back the weakness which had fringed her eyes with tears, and made one grand effort for composure.

"Mr. Gladstone," she said, "I feel too deeply the honor, the joy, the bounty of your love, not to regret to see it wasted. If I could ever marry, you of all men need not despair, but I am doomed to loneliness."

He was very grave; the pain and the suddenness of it blanching his cheek, and quenching the light from his eye.

"Rebecca," he said, "I knew of course that there was something in your life which you did not choose to speak about, but I never thought of this."

He was silent for a few moments, thinking over with that lightning-like celerity and skill which the mind acquires in such life-and-death emergencies, all the grave, sweet beauty and purity of her life in these five years that he had known her.

"Rebecca," he said, "you might trust me as you would trust—I had almost said God—in this matter, but I will not ask that. Only tell me, is this, of which you speak, absolute, irreversible?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"It is an absolute, irreversible fact," she said at last.

"And constitutes a positive, legal barrier to my hopes? Forgive me for pressing you so closely, but so much depends."

"Mr. Gladstone," she said, "there is no legal barrier, but it is not the less positive for that."

With that the stern, critical habit of his mind gave way before his overmastering passion.

"Rebecca," he said, "tell me that you love me, put your hand in mine with true and honest frankness, and I will face the world with you."

"Mr. Gladstone," she said, "I have borne pain all my lifetime, and at times the deeper brand of ignominy; but I never yet inflicted either, intentionally, and I never will. If I should say I loved you and then should marry you, I should prove my vows untrue."

He relapsed into a grave and thoughtful silence. Rebecca was suffering untold agonies which finally wrenched out those few painful words.

"And yet," she said, "I cannot bear that you should think too hardly of me."

"I do not, Rebecca," he interrupted. "There could be no crime which these last five years would not atone for, and out of crime they could never have sprung."

They had plunged down rocky hill-sides, into a deep and tangled wood, where the dusk, dew-laden and full of earth-smells, was scarcely penetrated by the lingering glory of the twilight outside.

"Rebecca," said Mr. Gladstone at length, "have you never told this—your history—to any one?"

She hesitated. "To no one but Mrs. Darrell, and to her only the outlines."

"And do you think she has an equal right with me to your confidence?"

"Oh! my friend, my friend," she cried in agony that could not be restrained, "I cannot tell you."

"Rebecca," he said, and his voice was full of restrained tenderness, "you cannot know—it is impossible—how fully you might trust me. I do not reproach you for that, but I do feel that there may be some morbid sensitiveness of yours, some old, old wound unhealed and sorer than it ought to be, that would not turn my love aside, but would only make it the more tender, and which, perhaps, if you would bring it to the light might take a healthier tone, and so at last get cured, but which kept back in darkness may work needless ruin to both of us. Won't you permit me to tell Mrs. Darrell of my love for you, and to ask her, as an old and well tried friend, if she can bid me God-speed in my wooing."

"Oh! Mrs. Darrell is a woman, and my sister, and she can forgive everything."

Mr. Gladstone had been deeply shocked, and he suffered intense pain; but the love which this woman had awakened in his heart was only rooted in the strong physical stratum of his nature; it stretched its branches and bore its blossoms far up in a higher, more celestial element. Her heart and soul were pure, he knew that. This other stain which her words but dimly conveyed to his mind, if it interpreted her rightly—it grieved and shocked but did not wholly dismay him.

They rode on in silence. "Mr. Gladstone," said Rebecca, "I cannot bear this much longer. Will you please to turn the horse toward home?"

He obeyed her. They were two miles out of the town.

"My friend," he said, "I have thought this all over, and

I cannot give you up. I will not go to Mrs. Darrell, since you seem not to wish it, but I appeal to your own honor and conscience. If an equally grave fault existed to your knowledge upon my side, equally remote in time, equally disconnected in circumstances, would it weigh seriously on your mind against my claim?"

They were driving across an open country now, and the moonlight swept across her face as she lifted it to him, lighting up its drenched and tear-stained beauty and giving to her smile a saintly sweetness.

"I cannot think of you except as stainless," she said, "and if my life were as free from stain as my heart is, I should not blush to put my hand in yours, in mutual interchange of loving vows. I say this not to encourage you, but simply to vindicate myself, as I take it every human creature has the right to do. I would not have you think that you had loved unworthily, for so base a falsehood could only injure both of us. But you have loved most unhappily, and I beg you as soon as may be to renounce that love, and forget one who could bring only misfortune and disgrace to your proud unsullied name."

He threw the rein over his arm; he put his arm around her; he took her hand in his. He looked into her eyes with a steady, strong, triumphant glance. "Rebecca," he said, "say that you love me, I will be put off with no more evasions?"

She met his eye with a mild, regretful glance, that yet was so deep, so full of unspoken passion and yearning.

"Yes," she said, "I love you, I would that I did not."

"You shall unsay the half of that before the moon goes down," he said, "for the love I bear for you is something which misfortune and disgrace can never turn aside. God gave your soul to my soul, and mine to yours, from all eternity, and no work of man shall have power to abrogate the gift. Rebecca put your hand in mine and tell me that you love me, and that you only hope as time goes on to love me more and more."

She did not say the words so boldly again, but neither did she append to them the offensive wish.

Mrs. Darrell sitting alone upon her front piazza, enjoying the moonlight, saw a carriage driving slowly up the avenue. It stopped at her step, and Mr. Gladstone assisted Rebecca to alight. She stepped forward, peering curiously into Rebecca's flushed, disordered face.

"Mrs. Darrell," said the gentleman with steady, joyous tones, "congratulate me, I am an engaged young man."

Rebecca tripped past them into the house, her face burning with blushes.

"I do congratulate you most sincerely," said Mrs. Darrell. "No one living knows Rebecca so well as I do. Therefore no one else knows so well as I do how deeply worthy she is of your unspeakable love and tenderness."

"I thank you for saying that," he said earnestly, offering her his hand, "because it will enable me all the more effectually to combat the misgivings with which she perplexes herself. Good night, Mrs. Darrell; take good care of my pearl among women."

Mrs. Darrell followed him with her eyes as he rode down the avenue, and rejoiced greatly in her heart.

"They are worthy of each other," she said, "and what more could I say for either of them."

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—Never were truer words spoken than the following:

"It is better for you to pass an evening now and then in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than a club, tavern, or pit of a theater. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sanchy and brown bread and butter, I protest that I can for a whole night talk to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at college, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits man derives from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Your education makes of us the most eminently selfish men of the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

Lamartine has said, with truth, "Music is the literature of the heart; it commences where speech ends." It is a moral agent; it calls into play the higher faculties, and awakens a dissatisfaction in the soul with all that is mean and sordid in life.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

"There is no other authority than that of thought; existence itself is known only by thought, and, for myself, I am, only because I think. All truth exists for me only upon this ground, that it becomes evident to me in the free exercise of my thought."

For The Spiritual Republic.

Concerning Things Spiritual.

BY C. B. P.

Under this head, the New York *Nation* of January 17th, has its say of Spiritualism, in that mixture of some truth and much error, so characteristic of the many who, in ignorance, would judge it. The *Nation* admits that the modern "ghosts are of a far higher character" than they of old time, and "that they seem to have a praiseworthy taste for cultivated society," that "with many they have now become a part of religion itself, and that no well-furnished mansion is to be considered complete without its own private ghost."

Very well—but has the holy ghost been so unfamiliar a spirit through the ages that he, she, or it, has not sent the angels as ministering spirits to the loved ones in the flesh? We grant that the past light has been rather a dim religious one; still the church has had some glimmering hopes of immortality; and in its many-hued religions has readily assented to the belief that the spirit might be poured out upon all flesh, so that "your sons and daughter shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." If then the holy men of old spake as the spirit gave them utterance, and saw this day and were glad, the *Nation* need not make so much ado about the ghosts when they have come to time. It would seem that the *Nation* writer is but very little rooted and grounded in the past or present "concerning things spiritual," or he would not be so sore amazed at the gods newly up. He admits that "among all the phenomena of the present century, there is hardly one more remarkable than the rapid growth of the belief in the possibility and existence of a constant intercourse between the material and immaterial worlds, and the fact that this belief does not prevail so much among the ignorant, but is confined rather to the educated classes." He thinks "It must be admitted that the moment a man begins to believe in Spiritualism he often begins at the same time to talk and write on that subject, a kind of transcendental twaddle"—as if too great an outpouring of the spirit were to be avoided, lest we be taken up to the third heaven of St. Paul in the aforesaid twaddle, without knowing whether in the body or out. The writer has so little open vision "concerning things spiritual" that he finds his wisdom confounded, and his understanding brought to naught. He says, "Indeed it is a singular fact that nearly all who have begun the practical investigation of the subject, no matter how skeptical they were at the outset, have ended in becoming ardent believers in the new faith and advocates of it." Spirits, he declares, "have never yet been able to foretell coming events, which, to be sure, may be no more within the power of a spirit in the other world than of a spirit in the flesh." We have certain knowledge to the contrary—but let it pass. We are willing to grant that the many claims set up by Spiritualists to prophecy are often failures—no less were those in the Bible, where the mediums or prophets declare that the Lord deceived them, and ask "how long he will be altogether as a liar, and as waters that fall." It may have been, however, that Samuel the Seer did discover the whereabouts of Saul's asses. But, says the *Nation* man, "so far as our observation goes, they (the spirits,) have never been able to tell any particular person what he himself did not know already." This, in our own experience, is utterly wide of the truth, and we doubt not, in the experience of thousands of others.

We will not undertake to decide, however, whether Samuel did or did not know where the asses were, when inquired of by Saul, or whether Samuel's familiar spirit was in or out of the flesh. Perhaps it were well to say, as St. Paul in the third heaven, "God knoweth whether in the body or out;" but if St. Paul were among the modern Spiritualists, and should speak thus, he would be counted among the transcendental twaddler. But what becomes of the ancient miracle, when the *Nation* man declares "This tendency to credit everything unexplainable by the reason to supernatural agency, however dwarfed by education, or hid by fear of public opinion, is as universal as the race, and crops out at times, in most surprising forms"—and yet queries, "if it be entirely an illusion, which the traditions of all nations have favored, and in which the wisest and greatest of all nations have shared?"

But if the wonders of Spiritualism are perfectly real, they are just as perfectly worthless." It would seem a little strange that "the wisest and greatest of all nations" should have been so much interested in what, if "perfectly real, was just as perfectly worthless." If that which proves continuity of being through the change called death, be "perfectly worthless," then Spiritualism may be so judged—but if life and immortality have been but dimly brought to light in any other way, then those who know what it is to deeply yearn for the undelivered life, when all is broken on this side the tomb, know also how to find in Spiritualism the crowning discovery of the modern age.

Why has the Church become so "perfectly worthless," but because it has failed to bring life and immortality to light, save by the twilight glimmer of the Biblical pages, so tenebrous by Moses and the Prophets, and so shadowy by the Apostles, that it required the resurrection of the body to save the soul from dissolution. Yet, all the churchdom and priestcraft of the ages have been based upon this life to come, so that Spiritualism in its living proofs rising from the dead ages, so far from being "perfectly worthless," is the topmost gift of the era. More than saint, sage, or sophist ever writ, is the modern manifestation of spiritual intelligences, who show a more excellent way than the horrible pit and miry clay of the old religious formulas.

The *Nation*, instituting a comparison between the miracles or wonders of the New Testament, and those of modern Spiritualism, declares that "Christ healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, made the lame to walk," etc., as if these very things were not done by our healing mediums—as if Christ going about doing good did not work naturally as a peripatetic magnetic battery on the spiritual plane, even as our mediums do. But the *Nation* claims that "Christ proclaimed as fundamental truths doctrines then strange, novel," etc. Not exactly so—as the sacred code of all the religions by *Masters* will show. There was a larger quickening of the spirit at the time of Christ, who as a person, or as wisdom, the more widely, unfolded the teachings of the Essenes. Jesus or Christ is very much of our highest ideal as a worker high up on the spiritual plane; but there is no need to set him up as an idol of infallibility, though his spiritual insight was very great.

The *Nation* concludes with an exaltation of Paul that would seem very like "transcendental twaddle," were it not said of a Spiritualist of old time, who, it is said, "traversed with matchless ease the uppermost air of speculation." We grant that Paul was caught up to the third heaven, but whether in the body or out, God knoweth. Does not the *Nation* claim too much for the "exalted theories of Paul," while belittling modern Spiritualism, as "the rhapsodies of diseased brains, in which no meaning can be found because none exists." As the *Nation* writer can so readily "traverse with matchless ease the uppermost air of speculation," for Paul, will he favor us with an exegesis of John in the spirit on the Lord's day, and inform us, too, whether John took the way of the "transcendental twaddle in which no meaning can be found?" Don't be afraid to speak right out in meeting.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Liberalism of Liberal Christianity.

BY D. G. I.

The essence of bigotry, doubtless, is only possible from the man who makes greatest pretensions to liberality; as one is most evidently and conspicuously blind who cannot or will not see in the brightness of noonday. From the orthodox we look for uncharitable speeches, for they see with shortsighted vision; but from men who boast of their liberality in matters of religion, the sentiments given below do not come with very good grace, and even seem to contain the leaven of unfairness. The extracts submitted are from the pen of the Rev. A. D. Mayo, (Unitarian) of Cincinnati, and were contained in a course of lectures delivered by him as Professor of "Church Polity" to the Divinity Students at Meadville, Pa. After speaking in reasonable fair terms of the various denominations throughout the United States, commonly called "Liberal denominations," he thus discusses the Spiritualists:

"Spiritualism, as a religious movement, was a recoil from the orthodox views of a future life. It has come up in connection with the so-called Spiritual Manifestations. It has a very numerous following. Many of its disciples seem to incline to materialistic and pantheistic ideas, and wild and immoral theories are freely vented. Others are Christian in their tendencies, and remain in the various churches, where they are not molested."

He remarked, in another of his lectures, that "the higher forms of Spiritualism had done a great work in educating the public mind into a more decided belief in the doctrine of a future life." But no sooner does a pearl drop from his mouth than a loathsome frog follows it. He exhibits the admirable inconsistency of the traveler in the Satyr's cave, who blew his fingers to keep them warm, and his bowl of hot drink to make it cool. After discussing with considerable humor the tendency of all churches, Evangelical and Liberal, to arrogate to themselves social respectability, he adds:

"The Spiritualists are the especial favorites of the angelic hosts, and the apostles of a love so free that it often gets mixed with common lust." I had thought that the days for assailing Spiritualism with such rotten weapons as these were past. Such an assault only shows how far a Christian minister steps out of his path, and to what straits he is reduced when he has recourse to a miserable "sling" about Free Love, which never was, or ever can be associated with the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. It seems strange that a man, who has been many years pastor of a Liberal church; a professor in a Liberal Christian Divinity

School; a real live man, as he seems to be in many respects, political and theological, should have overlooked the labors of Spiritualists in matters of social reform. Universal suffrage, regardless of color or sex; emancipation of woman from social bondage; temperance, not barely in *drinking*, but eating and dressing and living; all these, and many more for the melioration of social and political evil, are embodied in the platforms and constitutions of the various State conferences, and cannot have failed to meet his eye—principles so radical and so just as to strike every impartial lover of progress as a great step in moral and social reform. His only encomium is for those "who remain in the various churches where they are not molested."

Meadville, Pa., February 7, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Crete.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Afar in the East, where the *Ægean* surges—
Sing tenderest solos and mournfullest dirges
Of Crete, the most beautiful bride of the sea,
The light of the sword-flash, the gleam of the saber,
Are fading and growing as red hands make labor
Of chaining the souls which were born to be free;
The souls which walked down o'er the ages victorious,
And bowed not to ignorance weak and inglorious,
But cherished the creed of the Cretans of old.
When ancient Mount Ida bows low to the ocean,
Or the winds 'round her forehead are bound in their motion,
The heart of a Greek can be conquered and held.

Ah, Turkey! Indeed you are stupid at learning,
To dream that a people, brave, wise, and discerning,
Will slavishly yield for your gashing and burning;
You look at the pictures and stop not to read.
The faith which declares it is righteous in slaying
Whoever disobeys, without grief or dismay,
May torture and trample the few in their need;
May deal out its anguish and extermination,
And light up its death-race with mad conflagration,
But never a soul can it conquer and lead.

Though brave hearts may break with their weight of oppressions,
They will not be prompters to slavish concessions,
But sooner will wrap in a garment of flame,
As did the six hundred, with valor so royal,
(And who will not say to their Maker, most loyal)
Who strode up the heavens in freedom's sweet name,—
Six hundred true Greeks out of rubbish and ruin,
'Rose light as the smoke-clouds their spirits went through in,
Elding their bondage, and fleeing their ban.

Oh, blood-blushing years! ye must be knowledge-bringers,
And learn to all nations that trespassing fingers
Must cease to be lain on man's God-given rights;
The rights which accord with the natures He gave us
Can only be taken by those who enslave us,
When might conquers right in most desperate fights.
Encroacher! leave labor its honest fruits,
And think not God made you to dictate conditions;
Let knowledge be free beneath thatches or steeples,
Religion untouched in the souls of all peoples;
Leave woman her purity, childhood its roses,
And hold these rights sacred from year-dawns to closes.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Question of Evil Again.

BY NETTIE C. TABOR.

What does this phantom we call evil do for humanity? How does a thorough belief in it affect the acts of the believers?

If it be actually accepted by a person, not merely as a theory but as an actual something, that is to be warred against, shunned, and put down—as a something that can pull down goodness, sully the spotless robes of purity, shut the upward gates of progression, and open the downward gates of retrogression; then that person's combativeness and destructiveness must be aroused to battle against, subdue and cast out this dark influence. Also his estimate of his brothers, sisters, friends and neighbors, must be colored by this belief, and according to his estimate of what is right and wrong, he will have condemnation for the person, just in proportion as that person fails to walk in accordance with his, perhaps shallow and shortsighted standard of right. Then comes criticism, repulsion, suspicion and a gradual drawing around one, of the robes of self-righteousness, which says "stand away from me, I am holier than thou."

Besides it awakens fear, one of the most distracting agencies that ever worried and disturbed the purposes of human life; calling out strong incentives for self-preservation, which of course have their birth in the increased action of the selfish faculties, and very frequently leads the individual to fortify himself against the real or imaginary machinations of evil people, by destroying such people's influence as a preventive or an antidote to the wrong they might do, thus causing a double folly through fear.

To me it seems as if this belief is "The Dark Phantom" in the soul of the believer and no where else. Like that which the ancient order of Rosierucians made to act as a test of worthiness in entering their "sacred order;" ac-

cepting them into their temple of wisdom, if they had power to stand fearlessly before "The Dark Shadow," and rejecting them, as not yet grown up to that high standard of purity that "casteth out fear," if they shrank from the ordeal, and fled from the presence of the "Phantom."

Now that must be an undesirable condition, to say the least, that engenders warfare, distrust, fear, condemnation, and self-righteousness, all of which have their birth in the lower or *blind* faculties, while that must be a desirable condition, which calls out peacefulness, humility, faith, charity and benevolence, which is the language of the *seeing* or wisdom faculties of the soul; and those who have grown to live in those faculties, have arrived at a realizing sense of the condition "That to the pure in heart all things are pure," and with the clear eye of wisdom see that good and evil, high and low, are but relative terms to designate the different steps on the spiral stairway of the soul's progress. The fifth or sixth step desirable to-day, the seventh or eighth wished for to-morrow. Each needful in its place and all good in the absolute. See nothing to fight, but all to help and lift up higher. None to condemn and chastise, but all to educate and dispense charity to, thereby receiving the "double blessing." All darkness (no matter how deep) to dispel only by the light (no matter how small) of goodness and truth.

Milwaukee, March 4th, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Fragments—No. 2.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

INFLUENCES OF POETRY.

There are some persons in the world, who, like the self-satisfied Mr. Bunderby, always cry out for "facts, facts," when anything is presented to them which they do not recognize as part of their own dry, prosaic, uninteresting existence. They do not believe in the reality of Beauty, Harmony, or Aspiration, because their life is low, inharmonious, and distorted, confined to the petty dictates of a selfish experience.

To such, the word poetry has an unmeaning sound, suggestive of dreams, dim and unreal, which have no affinity with the duties of the hour, and are sure to make men useless and visionary.

But the great heart of humanity is true to its divinity. Its pulsations respond to the heart-beats of angels, and its intense yearning after the Infinite Beauty assures us of the immortality of those affections which soar upward in loving trust, finding no adequate expression but in the language of poetry.

The poet is ever the prophet of the age in which he lives. With searching vision he looks into the future, and there finds the solution of the great problems of the present, which to eyes less ethereal are dark and enigmatical. His soul, fired with enthusiasm, utters itself in burning words of truth. He sees, as angels see, the mighty forces that are at work in society, all guided and governed by one great unerring will, for one great end, the perfection and happiness of man.

In glowing language he impresses his thoughts upon the receptive mind. He is not discouraged, though a deaf ear is often turned to his most fervent utterances, for he knows they will become a part of the spiritual life of the race.

Who, with a soul capable of appreciating the Beautiful and the True, does not love poetry? Few can be poets, but the elements that enter into the poet's mind are in a measure the birthright of all. In this wondrous human life of ours, are found the most exalted subjects for creative genius. True, the beauties of natural scenery, the harmonies of the external world, furnish material of a high order, but the social affections, the stormy passions, the stern conflicts of our inner being, its restless aspiration that can find satisfaction only in the close embrace of Deity, these are most glorious themes, and will awaken a deeper sympathy.

Yes, human experience is full of poetry, and the bard who can best interpret the soul-life of man, pictures most naturally its varied lights and shadows, comprehends most clearly its calms and storms, its struggles and triumphs, will meet with the warmest response and most enduring recompense.

It is not true, as is sometimes asserted, that the "common people" are incapable of appreciating the creations of the poet. Granted, that superior culture is essential to a liberal and thorough comprehension of works of genius, it is no less true that sympathies which are universal, are most easily touched by the sentiments and language of poetry. We need but look into the faces of an audience, when spell-bound by the voice of an accomplished reader, as he dwells upon some lofty inspiration, and the kindling eye, the flushing cheek, the breathless attention, are proofs of the elevating power of this divine art. Pure thoughts, high resolves, and holy emotions, are thus translated into action, and beautiful poems re-written in the more beautiful imagery of a consecrated service.

These living influences are the characteristics of the highest genius. Milton's life was a nobler epic than his "Paradise." Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived more divinely

than she wrote. John G. Whittier has *worked* out his heroic and humane lyrics of Freedom. Jesus of Nazareth infused into the world the poetry of a sublime self-sacrifice, which is felt to-day more profoundly than ever in the consciousness of men, who begin to discover their true relationship to him, and to believe in the practical spirituality of the truths he taught so eloquently, by his words and by his example.

Not many of us may claim the heavenly gifts of the prophet or the bard, but we may all actualize the immortal poetry of a disinterested and god-like life.

For The Spiritual Republic.

My Fiftieth Anniversary.

BY MRS. AMANDA M. SMITH.

What! fifty years gone! Why I am not old,
Though my dark hair is turning to gray;
My heart is young yet and my spirit is bold,
And bright are the hopes that illumine my way.

It seems but a day since with brothers I played
'Neath the old shady elm at the brooklet's side,
With our hands in each other, on the hillside we strayed,
Where naught came between us our joys to divide.

Oh, innocent childhood in purity blended,
Its future undreamed of, its present so gay,
Thy sunny hours passed, and thy bright days are ended,
But sweet recollection can never decay.

When I went as a school girl my tasks to prepare,
Joyous, bright visions came dancing to me,
I knew not a sorrow, and had not a care,
And oh, like the birds, I was free, I was free.

My life-bounding pulses would never be still,
While I gathered white roses my wreath to entwine,
I tried oft to solve what my fate would fulfill,
And my soul yearned for something it could not define.

With holy love vows at the altar I stood,
Yet sad is the memory of years that have flown;
For in faith I had trusted and looked for the good,
But oh, I have reap'd where I never had sown.

Yet my mission was holy, tho' the hard hand of fate
Had bound me in sorrow and wearisome care,
For bright little darlings around me did wait,
And sent me to heaven with suppliant prayer.

And now when I hear them in sweet tones of love
Call me, "dear mother," oh, should I complain?
Though my vision may see not the clear skies above,
I thank Thee, oh, Father, I live not in vain.

For The Spiritual Republic.

A Child's Idea of a Methodist Prayer Meeting.

BY O. W. TRUE.

In this beautiful inland village we have several rival orthodox churches, which, to the careful observer, seem more intent on making proselytes to their own peculiar church than to see who can best work, and best agree in promulgating Christian principles. They have a series of prayer meetings first in one church, then in another, and then in all or nearly all, at the same time, lest, (it has "leaked out" more than once,) some one of the churches may claim more than its share of the girls and boys, who are sent here to the public schools, and thus become more flourishing than the others.

The Methodists are not backward nor slow in this kind of strategy, as is very well known, wherever they attempt to plant their banner; nor are they faithless in church duty in this respect.

To one of their prayer meetings an unsophisticated little girl, about eight years old, a daughter of one of our well educated and most conscientious liberal Christian families, where love, truth and honesty, hold their benign sway, went for the first time with a watchful aunt. The exercises commenced, and soon many of the participators became somewhat enthusiastic. The little girl began to tremble and cling to her aunt, expressing much fear, both in looks and actions, the big tears in rapid succession flowing. The aunt, in trying to quiet her, not knowing the cause of her alarm and trouble, asked her what was the matter? She replied: "I am afraid of those men who talk and act so! Are they drunk? What makes them swear so?"

Upon hearing a little girl scarce ten years old "speaking in meeting," she asked: "What did she do that for? Is she crazy?"

This is no fancy sketch. The influences of such meetings upon even older girls, (when they become a place of resort, as they often do,) every parent must estimate. But, with me, there are doubts about their utility, to say the least of them. The excitement, boisterous language, and gymnastic gyrations, often to be heard and seen, may have a demoralizing effect upon tender and sensitive minds which the efforts of years may not wholly eradicate.

Guard well, carefully, and judiciously, then, all the avenues to the temple of the youthful soul.
Farmington, Me.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Psychometric Reading of J. W. Bruce.

BY ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

I touch this name and get these words coming from this man's spirit: "Out in the future I look and see a bright destiny for my race." Hope large, sees a good time coming, to him and his people. A black man, yet has his part to play in the drama of life. Nothing daunted, thinks success will eventually come. Clustered round his heart is the progress of his race. Confiding, aspiring, energetic, easily pleased, generally looks on the bright side. Sees figures move in the sunshine, seldom in the shade.

Hope in man. God is seen in everything. Feels those who come to him with the heart on the right side, who are not afraid to touch the black hand, who wipe not their hands after the touch, lest it had been defiled. The great shout of Liberty, (the eagles flight, bearing the olive branch from God's messenger, "Honest Old Abe,") still rings in his ears, and in the dark hours of the night he hears "Bruce! you and yours are free! forever free! Look up. The mountain of fame is not too steep for thee and thousands and thousands of thy brothers to ascend, giving to those who are left behind, the offerings, the victories gained by you and them through mighty toils. See the angelic hosts descend, bearing wreaths. Kneel Bruce to Angels, but not to man, proud man of either shade or color, if not your superior in intellect, morals and in gentle bearing to his kind. Toil on, toil on, thy spirit is strong, thy blood is full and warm, thy muscles strong, thy heritage is what all men have inherited from their Father God—equality—time—place to work out what is in them; strive on, the goal is sooner gained than you now may know." Naturally a progressive, builds outside of creeds. Truthful, honest, warm-hearted. Great devotion to his work. Accepts it as a mission, sees a spirit underlying the faces he brings out on paper, and says when by himself, "the greatest study of mankind is man." A natural philosopher, frugal, can work and wait, not given to show, loves comforts in social life, seeks men of cultivation, modest and retiring, of gentle bearing, suave in manner, feels himself every inch a man through good behavior, toiling late and early to help on an aged father, who will die blessing so good a son. Brave heart, work on, angels are working, while you work and while you sleep, working as the mother works for her infant son from sun to sun, never tiring, never faint. So work thou? brave son of an enfranchised race, and all foreshadowed in your dreams will be yours on earth. Hope on, work on, despair never!

Washington, D. C., Feb. 26, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Constitutional Convention.

[The following article suggestive of earnest measures for Constitutional reconstruction in Illinois, for the admission of women into positions of political trust, is written by Harvey A. Jones, Esq., of Sycamore, Ill., a young lawyer of sterling worth, mind and character, who is brave and faithful in reform, whilst successfully adorning his profession. We most heartily indorse his proposition respecting Committees to diffuse petitions all over the State. The movement is a spontaneous outburst of popular sentiment, and rises like a mighty wave of ocean in the tide of liberty and equality to all in the American Republic.]

The Spiritual Association for the promotion of Social Science, established in Chicago, and now working nobly and prosperously, voted, some time ago, to aid in carrying into execution the very object agitated by our good brother. Said Association has just given the great enterprise a practical embodiment by means of an efficient and influential Committee, whose doings will soon be published in our columns.]

EDS. SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: Since it is conceded by all that Illinois is soon to have a Constitution more in accordance with the genius of her people, does it not behoove us, as radicals, and true lovers of liberty, to see to it, that the men who compose the body for the remodeling of our Constitution, are fully up to the demands of the age?

We must make a united and determined effort to secure the elective franchise for the citizen woman, as well as the man citizen. That the women of Illinois are prepared for the ballot, and that the men of Illinois are prepared and willing to let them have the ballot, no one will deny who really understands our people. All classes have been moving rapidly in that direction, ever since the second gigantic war for American liberty began. Into the vortex of the consequences of timidity and wrong, we all were hurled, and woman rapidly learned to think upon subjects from which she had ever been debarred active participation, to the woe and high destruction of the nation.

It is the politicians who are not equal in progress with the mass of the people in this direction; and there is just where our real danger, the danger of every radical movement, lies.

Politicians are cowards, the people are not. The politicians of each district will not take the initial step in this movement, for it is a new question; and being naturally and constitutionally timorous as a class, they always (or nearly always) wait to hear the voice of the people behind them,

cheering them on, ere they strike boldly for any reform.

Then, citizens, let us bestir ourselves. Now is the time, not to *prepare* to act, but to *act*. If this golden opportunity passes, then *ten years* longer in the desert! The only thing needful is to arouse our people to the vital importance of this question. Let the people agitate; let our radical papers speak out; let the question be discussed by our political papers, *pro* and *con*; and let us place the flagstaff of our liberty at least ten years ahead, so that our eyes may be directed forward, towards our Constitution, and not back to see how far it is behind the people; let petitions be circulated throughout every district, in every town, hamlet, or home, for names of our citizens who will help the work onward. Let there be a committee, if not more, a committee of *one*, to collect the names of persons, from every town, who are in favor of bestowing the elective franchise upon the women citizens of Illinois, and forward them to some central committee. This suggestion would need to be acted upon soon, to give time for the voice of protest to swell in numbers against this injustice toward woman.

Let us have an eye to our candidates, and whenever it is possible, nominate men favorable to republican ideas, not to privileges of caste. If we do this, and go to work in earnest, Illinois will again lead the van of our Federal States, in behalf of a larger liberty, and the prestige won for her by her gallant soldiers and her lamented Lincoln, will still remain with us. HARVEY A. JONES.

N. B.—Could not petitions to the Convention, demanding the elective franchise for women citizens of Illinois, when completed in each town, be sent to your office in Chicago, and be handed to some Committee for enrollment, and forwarded to their destination? H. A. J.
Sycamore, Ill., February 24, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Reply to J. S. Loveland.

BY F. T. LANE.

In our discussion of evil and evil spirits, you consider that my great mistake is in assuming that all imperfection is evil. I wish to remind you that I have not made that assumption. I did say that imperfection is the cause of evil, but it does not follow that all imperfection is evil, for the good dominates it; in other words, evil is relative; and as man must always remain finite, therefore there will always be some form of evil.

You present two philosophies of evil, the theory of the church, and your own. I reject both. I reject the church theory, because it holds that evil is absolute.

The church, in defiance of all axiomatic truth, teach that good and evil are, each, *absolute*. Practically, however, they make the *evil* less unqualified than the good, hence, they consign more than one-half of the race to unmitigated perdition. I discard your theory because it holds that evil is only "a temporary incident of the soul's incarnation in an animal body." You decline to consider any practical application of your theory in detail, or to correct any misapprehension, until I shall have proved, what you, as well as myself, consider to be an impossibility, namely, the existence of evil as an attribute of spirit, *per se*. But I claim the right to be heard on my own hypothesis.

Man is composed of body, mind or soul, and spirit; and when you wish me to show a malignant motive or tendency to evil in the spirit, I respond that the mind, and not the spirit, is the source of motives. Man's native love of truth and goodness comes from the spirit—the central life—hence, however corrupt the mind may become, this native love of goodness cannot be obliterated. The spirit deals only with the absolute, the unqualified, therefore it cannot recognize evil, for that is relative. The work of the mind, through its various organs, is purely relative. These organs are sustained from two opposite sources, the central or subjective life of the spirit, and the outward or objective life of the material world.

Without a body, the mind can have no objective life, either here or hereafter, and it matters not whether that body be called an animal or spiritual organism, for in either case it is made substantially of the same stuff, and like spirit and matter, differs in degree and not in essence.

However fine the body, it will always appear gross when compared with the pure life of the spirit.

Evil, then, arises from the soul's personality; it is not an "incident," but a necessity of that personality. The organs of the mind must always have a frame to hold them, and that frame, comparatively speaking, must always be gross and material.

Let us now look at the question, for a moment, in a moral light. Bro. Loveland says, that, "earth alone is the realm of falsehood." If this be true, the vicious, earthly liar, on being translated to the higher life, becomes truthful, either because lying is impossible, or because it cannot be made to minister to any want or desire. In either case, there is no merit in his truthfulness, for there is no inducement for him to commit the overt act. Indeed, if good and evil are not set before us in the higher life, ethical distinctions will be superfluous, and moral freedom will be abrogated.

I apprehend that our freedom will be extended and not abridged, and that moral distinctions by virtue of our superior surroundings, will be finer and keener than they now are.

The Old and New.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the Olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

SCIENCE AND ART.

"A principle in Science is a rule in Art."

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Philosophy of Light and Heat.

BY J. F.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Feb. 16th, Mr. R. Edwards, of New York city, gives it as his opinion that Light is almost identical with magnetism; and expresses his willingness to come before his fellow men with this theorem.

Opinions are often suggestive of truth, if not so absolutely, and being neither arrogant nor dogmatic, their expression does little harm, if untrue. Although the truthfulness of certain laws of light are scientifically demonstrated, yet there is evidently great darkness as to its nature, or even its proximate cause, as well as dissatisfaction with the theories purporting to account for its phenomena.

It has long been my humble opinion, which I herein express for the first time publicly (with due deference to the opinions of all others,) that the illumination of our atmosphere is caused by the contact of positive electricity from the sun with the negative electricity from our earth.

Need is always negative to supply, yet the importation of unneeded, or surplus positivity, is of equal benefit to donor and receiver. Like action and reaction, the equality of positivity and negativity (reciprocal interchange of needs) is a principle of nature universally operative.

The electric rays from each pass out into space from every conceivable point on their respective surfaces. Those from the sun contain just what the earth needs to receive, and what the sun needs to impart; those from the earth contain what the sun needs to receive and what the earth needs to impart. They are in consequence forced or attracted to each other by mutual need, for mutual benefit; and unite just as do the two electricities of an ordinary battery. Their combination produces an infinite number of electric sparks, evolving at the same time a corresponding amount of heat. This process continues just as long as an interchange is needed from earliest dawn to the last ray of evening twilight; meanwhile, the darkened portions of the earth are being constantly attracted by a dual force—their own hunger for vital elements, and the sun's need to impart them.

Perpendicular rays are virtually contracting points, electrically, between the two orbs, where an equilibrium or satiety is instantaneously produced. From this meridian point, the earth is repelled, just as is the hammer of the battery, while the midnight portions are just beginning to be re-attracted by want, hence, act ever in concert with the repellant force, increasing as that decreases, thus keeping up and regulating her diurnal revolutions, just as the battery is kept running by an exchange of its electric forces.

To understand this more intelligibly, we will assume, (if we still question infinite proof,) that all the operations of nature are analogous, and that the basic principle or principles of universal life are identical with those of individual life. By assuming that the universe entire, like our physical bodies, is an organized totality of infinite parts, between which there is constant inter-communication, as between the different parts of our bodies, we take the first step toward a more rational view of the varied operations of nature.

The circumference of all bodies is positive, while the interior of each is negative; hence, all want is from the interior, from which point all life begins its manifestations, by an incessant demand for congenial nutriment.

The circulating media between all entities, be they atoms so nearly in contact that the most powerful microscope can-

not detect the interstices, or orbs in space, immeasurably distant from each other, all are non-conductors of this peculiar something, expressive of want and supply, whatever it may be termed.

Were not our atmosphere a non-conductor of electricity, there could be no individualized life upon our globe. As from our bodies, there are constant radiations of negative electricity, (the essence of want and refuse,) so from every pore of the earth's surface, radiate living cells of particle moisture. These particles, being mutually repelled by their equally positive surfaces, are safe from intermixture while ascending to unite with the more positive electricity of the sun, for the evolution of light and heat; or to supply other needs by combining with other fluids in different strata of the atmosphere, the great reservoir of vital elements.

Although cohered electrically in their return to earth in dew, rain or snow, or more often in an invisible state as they ascended, they are as ever atomically intact, each, the agent of that peculiar power which it is adapted to impart.

On the same principle the circulating media of each entity, be it the sap of a tree or the blood coursing our veins and arteries, carry in their bosom intact all the vital elements necessary to each, which are selected, as needed by the organs of each—never forced upon any part.

Animal heat and the circulation of blood result from a like exchange of electricities in the lungs. After each respiration the positivized blood being warmed by actual combustion, and satiated with vitality, is repelled, while the most negativized portions are being continuously forced into the lungs by increased attraction as the repellant force diminishes.

All births are referable to the operation of this same principle, whether the offspring be a newly developed planet, or a human infant. When fetal positivity is attained, the fetus is repelled from its fetal condition; yet still subject to parental attraction. The new planet turns as instinctively to the maternal bosom for a continuation of nutritive elements as does the human infant. No matter if our lords of creation have egotistically classed Sol as well as Jehovah in their gender, it cannot change natural relations.

If principles be in truth infinite in their operations, it is safe to assume that all the manifestations of life, from simple motion to the highest intelligence, are based upon the interchangeable uses of things, by virtue of their never failing fitness and capacity to supply reciprocal needs.

Mt. Carroll, Ill.

MINERAL ICE.—The glaciers of the Alps now furnish ice for European cities. The ice is worked like a stone quarry, and in places excavated into galleries and chambers, which, when lighted by the calcium light, are magnificent beyond description.

EMERY.—Fifteen hundred tons of Emery are imported annually into the United States. This is brought from a few localities in Asia Minor, and the Grecian Archipelago, and two firms, one in Smyrna and one in London enjoyed the monopoly of the world. Recent discoveries have shown that we are rich in this mineral. The Chester mine is now worked with such success that from twenty to thirty tons are yielded monthly.

Flowers Produced by Invisible Agency.

We clip from the *Ionian* (Mich.) *Sentinel* the editor's statements of the *seance* conducted under the superintendence of A. A. Wheelock, through the mediumship of Miss Van Wie. The editor believes the phenomena are neither the work of jugglers nor of disembodied spirits, but "the result of some law of animal magnetism or electricity." If there is such a law, and the editor will reveal it, he will do more than the greatest philosophers of these times have been able to do. Give us the law, brother.

"The audience was composed of a fair proportion of skeptics, from among whom a committee of three gentlemen was selected by the audience to examine the cabinet, a kind of close closet, within which the medium is seated during the manifestations, to see that there were no secret drawers or recesses in which anything could be concealed; also, a committee of skeptical ladies to search the person of Miss Van Wie, for the purpose of finding anything she might have concealed about her, this committee remaining with her until she was seated in the cabinet. Both these committees reported that they had thoroughly performed their tasks, and were unable to discover anything of the articles desired. The medium's hands were painted red upon both sides, and the door of the cabinet was closed. Soon after, the medium, or, in Spiritualistic language, the spirit of Pigeon Wing, the Indian lad supposed to be in possession of and controlling the medium, signified that the spirits were ready to commence their exhibitions for the benefit of the assembled crowd, and accordingly, at the small aperture in front of the cabinet, were exhibited, in quick succession, a large number of flowers, in all over forty specimens, comprising full blown flowers and buds, each differing from the other in form and color, and looking as natural and fresh as though just plucked from the garden. Afterwards, hands of different sizes and shapes were exhibited, some with rings and bracelets, and some without, and one with a black coat sleeve."

PHYSIOLOGY.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Diet.

BY S. YOUNG.

In a former article, published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, I endeavored to show, by arguments drawn from comparative anatomy, that man is, by nature, in no degree a flesh-eater. Cuvier, Linnæus, Lawrence, and other eminent naturalists, were quoted in support of the position. I cannot see how any one, free from the influence of a morbid appetite, who carefully weighs the evidence from *that source only*, can arrive at any other conclusion. But there are other arguments equally as convincing.

Let us see what the native instincts of mankind indicate on this subject. It is true there are some persons met with, especially professional butchers, who appear to enjoy the cries, and struggles, and agony, of dying animals. But they are exceptions even in this comparatively undeveloped age.

They have become imbruted by their occupations—by scenes of blood and cruelty. With such rare exceptions, all are pained by the heart-rending cries of the bleeding and dying hog; the convulsions of the expiring ox, or the death-struggles of the innocent lamb. The unsophisticated child is pained beyond expression at seeing fowls or other creatures put to death; and nothing is more self-evident and certain than that men and women feel more and more sympathy and pain when contemplating the slaughtering of animals, and more compunction at feeding upon their flesh, as they advance in intelligence, refinement, and all the nobler qualities which adorn human nature.

But how few, especially women, are aware of the horrible cruelties practiced by the executioners of our humbler fellow creatures. Could they plainly see the blood and agony of the murdered animal, (even when executed in the most summary manner,) when setting down to partake of its remains, would they not shudder at the thought, and turn to the delicious grains and fruits, so much more nutritious and wholesome, and which do not necessitate the infliction of pain upon animals, or hardness of heart upon man?

But often the poor brutes are killed "by inches," to render the flesh more palatable! Sometimes calves, and other animals, are mauled upon the head with force only sufficient to craze and benumb, for perhaps half an hour before they are finally dispatched.

A friend, noted for raising "fine" cattle, recently related to me that he had driven several fat oxen to a certain butcher of Ithaca, and although he had often expressed a wish to be present when one was to be slaughtered and dressed, that he might see the "splendid" beef, the butcher had as often found some pretext for putting him off; the object being, as my friend supposes, that he might not witness the cruelty inflicted upon the animal which he had fed and cared for so kindly. But those who had been present told him that the poor creature is hoisted up alive by the heels, so high that his head just reaches the ground, or floor; a handspike is then thrust into his mouth, and finally his throat is cut.

What cruelty is practiced upon dumb brutes sent over railroads hundreds of miles; sometimes without food for days, trampling upon each other, and many dying.

In all parts of the world where flesh-meat is used for food, the art of torturing dumb animals, for the purpose of pampering a perverted appetite, is carried to such an extreme as to shock every sensitive mind. In some parts of the East, animals are whipped to death, to render their flesh tender.

Says Murray, in his *Hand Book for Travelers on the Continent*: "The celebrated *pates de foies gras*, prepared at Strasbourg, are made of the livers of geese, artificially enlarged by the cruel process of shutting the birds up in coops within a room heated to a very high temperature, and stuffing them constantly with food."

"Nothing can be more shocking and horrid," says Pope, "than one of our kitchens sprinkled with blood, and abounding with the cries of expiring creatures, or with limbs of dead animals hung up here and there. It gives one the image of a giant's den in romance, bestrewed with scattered heads and mangled limbs."

Diogenes observed, that "we might as well eat the flesh of men as the flesh of animals." And Cicero remarked, that "man was destined to a better occupation than that of pursuing and cutting the throats of dumb creatures."

Plutarch remarks: "How could man bear to see an impotent and defenceless creature slaughtered, skinned, and cut up for food? How could he endure the sight of the convulsed limbs and muscles? How bear the smell arising from the dissection? Whence came it that he was not disgusted and struck with horror, when he came to handle the bleeding flesh, and clear away the clotted blood and humors from the wounds? We should, therefore, rather wonder at those who first indulged themselves in the horrible repast, than at such as have humanely abstained from it."

"To see the convulsions, agonies, and tortures of a poor fellow creature," says Dr. Cheyne, "whom they cannot restore or recompense, dying to gratify luxury, must require a rocky heart and a great degree of cruel ferocity. I

cannot find," adds he, "any great difference, on the foot of natural reason and equity only, between feeding on human flesh and feeding on brute animal flesh, except custom and example. I believe some rational creatures would suffer less in being fairly butchered, than a strong ox, or red deer; and in natural morality and justice, the degrees of pain here make the essential difference."

Volumes might be filled with similar quotations from some of the most humane and enlightened of past ages.

Would that all who are drifting along with the current of the common habit of thinking it natural, or necessary, or justifiable, to kill animals for food, would pause and reflect.

Can we suppose, for a moment, that nature would have implanted in the human breast such an aversion to the taking of life—such a horror of the shedding of blood; such a hatred of cruelty, and such a sympathy for all suffering creatures, if she had intended us to slay the lower animals and feed upon their flesh? Would she not rather have formed us cruel and ferocious, like all carnivorous animals, which seem to derive pleasure from witnessing the sufferings of their victims? Most assuredly.

This department, then, like that of comparative anatomy, compels us to conclude that man is, by nature, in no degree carnivorous.

Next, I will consider the question, "Is vegetable food sufficiently nutritious to keep up the warmth and muscular strength of man?"

Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

Health of Girls.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

It may be that most young ladies will feel a little restive if reference is made to cleanliness as a means of promoting health. Yet no disrespect to the sex is intended, since the writer believes that the most intimate and endearing relations between the sexes constitute our normal condition. But are our daughters, and young ladies generally, cleanly in their habits? It is presumed that most of them, and certainly those sufficiently intelligent to read a journal of this class, habitually wash their face and hands at least once each day, and perhaps oftener. Any departure from this custom would brand one, in most communities, as a slattern—and justly; yet it is possible that some are not really cleanly in all other respects. The necessity for this care of the surface, as connected with personal cleanliness, is based on the fact that waste, perspirable matter, decayed and effete portions of the body, poisonous and destructive of health if retained in the system, is constantly being thrown to the surface. This matter, thrown out on every part of the body, is lodged in the clothing, collects on the surface, the more liquid portions passing off by evaporation. The amount of this is surprising, being estimated by some, at from forty to sixty ounces per day from the surface of an adult of ordinary size, though this may be somewhat above the average. It has also been proved by careful experiments that of all taken into the stomach, solid and liquid, about three-fifths ordinarily passes off through the pores, all of which is impure matter. Surfaces exposed, like the face, hands, etc., retain less of this, passing off by evaporation as it does, while other portions, protected by clothing from the action of the air, etc., are made more impure, and consequently demand more attention. It follows, therefore, that there is as much occasion to wash the whole body daily as to care for the hands and face. If this is true, any deviation from this implies an absence of personal cleanliness.

It is worthy of remark that a portion of this waste material thrown to the surface by perspiration, if not removed, is readily taken up by the absorbents and carried back into the system, of course preventing the purification intended by this process of perspiration. Hence, a daily wash of the whole body is absolutely necessary as a means of cleanliness, without any reference to other and equally important considerations. And let it be borne in mind that the great design of this process of perspiration is to "purify the blood," and that it effects this object—when these pores are kept open and active by friction and bathing—far more rapidly and effectually than any or all of the blood-purifiers invented during the last half century, and their name is "legion." If "troubled with humors," it is far safer and far more effectual to invite them to the surface by invigorating the vessels designed to throw off impurity, producing a free eruption on the surface, than to resort to quack medication, taking drugs that render the blood still more impure, to say nothing of the injurious results of purgatives, so often employed for this purpose.

But is it safe for all to bathe, or will "water agree" with all? Yes. If all are benefited by a wash of the face and hands, it is safe to extend such a wash to other portions of the body. If one portion is invigorated by such a bath or wash, it follows that a more general application, under favorable circumstances, will produce similar results. While the vigorous, those supplied with ample animal heat, are able to endure almost any application, bathing in frozen streams, etc., though such baths are never advisable, never judicious—the delicate can scarcely exercise too much prudence. Wetting the hands in cool water, washing the

whole or a part of the body, following this application with thorough rubbing with a crash towel and flannel or flesh brush, is not only invigorating but safe.

The natural warmth of the hand, with the friction, produces a comfortable heat, while but a limited amount of the animal heat is allowed to escape from the body, particularly if other parts are covered during the process. It is impossible that such a wash, conducted with ordinary precautions, should, to any considerable extent, tax the powers of the system or exhaust its warmth, particularly when only a part of the body is bathed at any one time. Those extremely delicate, perhaps, would be over taxed by a full hand-bath; yet, ordinary young ladies will find no difficulty in the enjoyment of this luxury every morning. Indeed, by a judicious daily bath the sickly are often able to regain health, while the delicate become robust and still more hardy.

While such baths are recommended, it is difficult to speak in too harsh terms of reprehension of those harsh applications once in vogue, and not wholly discontinued by the ignorant—such as the ordinary shower-bath of the past, violent applications to the head, very cold swimming baths, and some of the ice applications, all calculated to shock the nervous system unduly or unnecessarily exhaust the vital forces, reducing the animal heat in too great a degree. But few are able to endure such harsh treatment, while none are benefited by the extremes, or at least, not as much as they might be by milder treatment. Fortunately, such harshness is rapidly passing away, especially among the more intelligent.

Among the advantages of proper bathing, in addition to the purification of the system already referred to, and the general invigorating effects, is one of some importance to young ladies, especially those who have special regard to personal appearance—to beauty. Proper care of the skin changes it from its dry, harsh-like appearance to one indicating health, giving it a fairness and a velvet-like softness resembling that of a child. The young lady who would remove the "pimples" and the "worms" from her disfigured face can do so, if patient and persevering, by a systematic course of bathing, and a disuse of rich, gross and greasy food, fat pork and its equivalent, if its equivalent anywhere exists.

Again, cool baths, properly administered, fortify the system against the sudden changes of our variable climate, giving a power to resist the usual attacks of disease, affording a comparative exemption from "colds," to which most forms of diseases are referred. The reaction of these baths, and the necessary friction following, stimulate the smaller blood-vessels of the skin, in which about one half of all the blood of the body naturally circulates, giving warmth and vigor to the vessels of this very important surface, and of course keeping the millions of pores, these outlets of the body, in a constant state of activity—a sure remedy for "colds."

The importance of this will be appreciated when it is remembered that most of our diseases have their origin in colds. If to this fact we add another—that such baths, with the friction following—a very important condition of bathing—necessarily improve the circulation of the blood, bringing it to the surface and driving it to the extremities, the "rosy cheeks" and "ruby lips" are no mystery, only obtained by securing health, almost or quite necessarily following the acquisition of health.

In fine, if the sallow expression is not desired, the paleness of death, the dry, hard skin, the pimples, etc.; if, in their stead, the fair, ruddy and joy-lit countenance is desired, the course to be pursued is plain. Adopt a healthful diet, avoiding the spices, rich and indigestible food, including rancid, oily preparations—one of the important means of obtaining pure blood; exercise sufficiently to promote free perspiration; wash enough to promote cleanliness; breathe freely of pure air; seek the sunshine, with no special dread of honest tan; in short, obey the laws of our being, and health is easily obtained, if the original constitution is not specially defective. "We have what we earn," as much in the matter of health as in financial affairs, and need not murmur if we suffer from our own neglect. The responsibility is ours, and we need not attempt to disclaim it, or murmur when punished for our sins.—*Herald of Health*.

COTTON AND CORN.—Official estimates of 1866 place the cotton crop at 750,000,000 lbs., and the corn at 880,000,000 bushels. Taking quality and quantity together, it appears that the corn crop of twenty-two Northern States is 100,000,000 bushels below the average production.

THE SALT MINES OF NEVADA are among the wonders of the world. A single bed covers 50,000 acres with solid rock salt, 95 per cent fine, and deeper than any shaft has been yet sunk. The accumulation continues without intermission, from the salt water which wells up, overspreads the surface and evaporates, leaving a snowy spread of fine salt.

THE NORTH PACIFIC R. R.—This great road is to be 204 miles long, and its estimate cost is \$206,600,340, or an average per mile of \$101,040.

PHOTOGRAM.—As photograph refers to the agent and not the thing, it is an erroneous compound, and the word *photogram* should be used instead. So says the *Scientific American*.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1867.

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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit,
idea, or genius of the great Spiritual Movement."

TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to J. O. Barrett, Sec'y.

In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.

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On subscribing for the REPUBLIC, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

This subject has been brought before the public mind in an especial manner of late, by the efforts of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and others, connected with the Equal Rights Association. It has seemed to these reformers that, as new constitutions were about to be formed, and old ones revised, it was a fitting time to urge the claims of Woman, hitherto disfranchised, to representation in the Republic of which she is a member.

These efforts have awakened the discussion anew, and arguments have again been presented which challenge earnest attention. Fortunately, the opposition to Woman's establishment in the rights of citizenship is less than formerly, even among conservatives, while progressives are almost unanimous in advocacy of this measure.

On the afternoon of January 23, 1867, Mrs. Stanton made an appeal to the joint Judiciary Committee of the Senate and House, in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, N. Y., "to urge on them," as she said, "the justice of securing to all the people of the State the right to vote for delegates to the coming Constitutional Convention." Considering that the discussion of this right involved the whole question of suffrage, she proceeded to institute a powerful argument in favor of Woman's right to the elective franchise. Both, before and since that time, conventions have been called in various localities throughout New York State, by this same noble woman and her friends, in order to gain the attention of the people and arouse them to right action at this important crisis. Our leading secular newspapers have reported some of the best speeches, and certain liberal religious journals have given free course to discussion and criticism on this great subject.

On Tuesday, Feb. 19th, a committee was appointed in the lower branch of the New Jersey Legislature, to consider a petition from Mrs. Lucy Stone, and others, for a recognition of the political rights of Woman, by striking the words "white male" from the Constitution. In Massachusetts, petitions have been sent from various sections to the State Legislature, one of which, being a fair sample of all, we here quote:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts:

"The undersigned, a citizen of West Gloucester, Essex county, begs leave to represent that she has been a law-abiding citizen, and for many years an owner of real estate, and whereas, in common with other women of the State (who are a majority of the people, and, therefore, by the theory of our government, are its lawful rulers,) she has been taxed without representation and compelled to obey laws in the making of which she has had no voice, while politically, she is rated with minors, paupers, criminals, idiots and men who cannot read and write; and whereas, this distinction, so invidious and so unjust, is made, not because women are criminals, idiots, or ignorant, but wholly because they are women;

"Therefore, your petitioner asks your honorable body to take such steps for the amendment of the State constitution that the right to be an elector shall not be based on sex, but that hereafter, among women as among men, only those shall be excluded from the elective franchise who are too wicked or too worthless to govern themselves."

What will be the result of this uprising remains to be seen. Men are slow to act when time-honored customs are to be set aside. Parker Pillsbury, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of February 23d, says: "I sat in the Legislative gallery until midnight, on Thursday last, to hear the discussion on your Constitutional Convention. * * * One Democrat declared his willingness to extend suffrage to woman, and one Republican was understood to do the same; but the general sentiment seemed to ignore her claims altogether."

The Kansas Legislature, on the contrary, has submitted a joint resolution to the electors of the State, containing a proposition to strike the word "male" from the State Constitution.

Not long since an article appeared in the *Independent*, from the pen of Prof. Taylor Lewis, which perhaps was about the best that can be said on the negative side of the question. But there is nothing original in his list of objections. The same solicitude is expressed which has been uttered in flowery language so many times since the agitation began. "In the first place, females should not vote, for their own sake." "The preservation of the pure feminine character," the necessity of woman being "shielded from the turbulence, the corruption" to which her sons are exposed, this worthy Professor speaks of in the usual sentimental manner. His political reasons against "female suffrage" are, first, that women are represented by their husbands and fathers; second, if they should be allowed to vote, it might lead to domestic discord.

Such platitudes are a simple evasion of the question at issue. Admit that woman is human and the argument is ended against her participation in the rights and privileges primarily invested in human nature. The objections of timid minds to this great reform are puerile and unworthy. It is always safe to do right. Let justice prevail and leave consequences with the Divine Power. If self-government is a blessing to man, it would be to woman. If suffrage is an educator to the young men of the Republic, it would be to the young women also. If the responsibilities of citizenship arouse freemen to thought, energy, and true nobility they would arouse freewomen as well. If the duties which go hand in hand with political freedom tend to give solidity, earnestness, and heroic purpose to manly character, they would help to awaken in the woman nature these needed qualities. If the right to the ballot confers on man an added dignity and moral strength, if he is thereby more of a power among the ever-shifting and often oppressive circumstances of earthly life, if it makes him master of conditions amid which he would otherwise be a slave, it would do the same for Woman, and she should be invested with this "royal prerogative." D.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The past few weeks have made memorable history. Events have transpired that, like an added color to a picture, give to our country, and the world thereby, a new feature. The ideas of Liberty and Justice have been measurably vindicated by human acts. Manhood suffrage has been practically attained by the nation, though not yet in operation throughout its whole domain.

At the late municipal election in Georgetown, D. C., the colored people were admitted to the ballot box on an equality with the whites, and contrary to general expectation in the District, the day of election passed quietly, and everything came in its usual order. The "war of races" was not inaugurated, but on the contrary it appears that the threat of war had no foundation in the actual nature of things, only acting as a political lever to pry against the enactment of justice. Hereafter let any State or nation withhold suffrage from the colored people, and it does it without excuse, in fact, and wholly at the expense of right. As might have been expected, and as will be the result throughout the States under similar circumstances, the candidates loyal to the free institutions of the United States were elected. Who ever heard of a colored man being disloyal to a true Republican form of Government?

On the last day of the session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, an act passed the Senate and House, over the President's veto, to "provide for the more efficient government of the insurrectionary States." The main features of the bill are these: A Provisional Governor is to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, whose term of office shall be one year. He must be a loyal man, one who has not participated in the rebellion, and can take the test oath. A council of nine is to be appointed in the same manner, and its members are to possess the qualifications required for the Governor. This Council is to possess legislative power, and the Governor is to appoint the necessary officers with its consent, and all officers appointed must take the test oath. No laws passed by this legislative council are to be valid until approved by Congress. In June, 1867, all male persons twenty-one years of age, irrespective of color, or race, who have resided in the State one year and have not taken any part in the rebellion, shall be entitled to vote for a Governor, State officers and members of the Legislature. In October next, the voters qualified as above are to elect members of a Constitutional Convention; and this Convention shall proceed to frame a Constitution, which Constitution shall not deny suffrage to any class of persons on account of color, shall provide that no public debt incurred in behalf of rebellion shall be paid, and shall recognize the perpetuity of the Union of the States. To aid in securing the above provisions, the States formerly in rebellion are divided into five Military Districts, and commanders are to be appointed who shall have charge of troops and special proceedings in their respective districts.

This bill is not, in our opinion, all that could have been done in the name of justice, but if not the greatest possible enactment in such an emergency, it is one of the greatest victories of the Thirty-ninth Congress, and a substantial step in the direction of reconstruction. It is a victory over Executive usurpation, and the wisest of the Southern people accept it as they did the victory of Grant over Lee. It proffers a situation, which, though not profitable to the pride of rebels, nevertheless gives them, with few exceptions, an opportunity to return to the Union of States, and participate in the Government, accompanied by their former slaves, and with whom they will share equally the benefits to be derived. Of course, much depends upon the administration and the integrity of the people for the thorough application of the provisions of this bill, but if the plainest duties are performed unlimited good may come from it.

The Fortieth Congress has been organized. The election of Benjamin Wade to preside over the Senate, and the re-election of Mr. Colfax to the Chair of the House, are signals of the temper of each department. Probably no general legislation will be done before adjournment, but during the recess it is foreshadowed that active measures will be taken, preparing for radical work. The Judiciary Committee of the Thirty-ninth Congress, by a report, turned the matter of impeachment over to its successor, and whether Mr. Johnson shall, or shall not, be removed from office for his misdemeanors, is yet to be decided. We only fear that the whole matter will be determined by considerations of policy rather than by strict adherence to principle, in which case the pretentious threats of Mr. Johnson to give the rebels "back seats," while he persisted in elevating them to power, will find a parallel.

We are rejoiced by the progress events are making, considering only that they are steps leading to universal suffrage, and equal and exact justice to all. Class suffrage, White suffrage, Manhood suffrage, Human suffrage is the line of march, and until the last grand height is attained there is no peace. We venture to predict that before '67 has ended, this now, to many, seemingly Utopian scheme will find practical lodgment in some of our more enlightened and humanized States. The proposition to strike the word "male" from the section of the Constitution defining the conditions of suffrage has already passed both Houses of the Kansas Legislature, and will shortly be submitted to the electors of the State for ratification.

Illinois and Michigan are, during the year, to hold Constitutional Conventions, and steps are being taken to bring the suffrage question prominently before both bodies, and we trust with practical effect. Indeed these are hopeful, glorious times, and every true lover of human progress can but take courage and work with a will for its furtherance.

LECTURES AT MUSIC HALL.

On Sunday last Music Hall was the scene of much activity. In the morning at 10:30, the members of the Lyceum assembled and went through with their usual interesting exercises, closing their session at one o'clock. The Free Conference was soon called to order and occupied the time until 2:30, listening to short essays, and discussing the relative merits of destructive measures and non-resistance. These Conference meetings are becoming very interesting, and will be the means of doing much good, we doubt not.

Soon after the adjournment, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of Mankato, Minn., in accordance with the special provisions made for the occasion by her friends, came upon the platform, and, after singing by the choir, an invocation and reading, delivered an address upon the subject of Social Life, dwelling upon the relations of woman therein.

In the evening, the regular lecture was delivered by Dr. Leo Miller, now a resident of Chicago, who interested the people very much by an hour's plain talk on the physical condition of the American people, and the means of preventing disease.

Dr. Miller's specific remedies for such prevention are: Plenty of exercise, plain, wholesome food, and abundance of fresh air, to which he added, incidentally, cleanliness for all, and loosely fitting garments for men, women and children. The last two requisites he thought would naturally follow when people adopted the first three.

At the close of the lecture, on motion of Mr. Seth Paine, a vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer, for the clear and earnest presentation of this subject, of so much interest to all.

As usual, the Lyceum will meet at 10:30 A. M., Conference at 1 P. M., and a lecture will be delivered at 7:30, on next Sunday.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET."

Our next issue will contain "The Right of a Woman to have a Husband," "The Verdict of the Sewing Circle" concerning the affront which Mr. Slade had received from Mrs. Darrell, and "Milton Gaines, Jr.," which details how Miss Joanna threw in her efforts to "train up a child in the way he should go."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Wherever we see a good thing, we give credit. Mrs. M. A. Livermore, rising superior to mere denominationalism, strikes for reform with a beautiful energy that tells as blows of a trip-hammer upon the "dead heads." She uses the *New Covenant* to exhibit her true aspirations of heart. Go on, we say, and with burning words tell the terrible truths that shall fire bigoted ministers especially into life.

Bitter, salutary experience has demonstrated to us that the church, as it now is, cannot be saved, that sewing new pieces into the "old cloth" makes the rent worse, that regeneration to humanity is certainly outside. "Lo, we turn to the Gentiles!" Mrs. L., believing in angel ministry, is evidently inspired to agitate for a resurrection among the "dry bones." We begin to hope, even, for the *Covenant* that it may indeed yet be *New* with the spirituality of practical reform. Our thrice tried friend can do it.

Mrs. L. credits the orthodox with *doing* something, despite their ugly creeds and heresy hunting. Shall we here tell another truth as *addenda*? We will. Several reformers whom we know, whose word, work and character cannot be questioned, emphatically declare that the orthodox churches are more "reformatory" and "practical" than the Universalist. We believe it! Of course somebody will score us for this, but, prithee, remember that we are in "good standing in the denomination." Brothers and sisters! "come up hither," into the activity of *spiritual life*, where reform is the order of administration, and where the church and State are reconstructing for union, fraternity and love. But to the testimony of the woman editor of the *Covenant*:

"The Christ who 'went about doing good'—who sought out sorrow, and wiped away its tears—who sheltered weakness—who spake hope to conscious guilt—who sounded the deepest depths of human misery—from whose presence disease, and woe, and suffering fled—who was besieged by the children of affliction, and who never turned a deaf ear to suppliant misery—How much of this kind of work is done to-day by the churches of Christendom, professedly modeled after his life! Almost none. It does not enter into their plans at all. Purely philanthropic or humanitarian work can hardly obtain a hearing of the church. It is put outside the sanctuary, as secular. Individuals of the church engage in it, through some outside organization, but the church, as a body, washes her hands of the whole thing."

"What of the Liberal Church! What share of the great work to be done for the poor, and the destitute, and the perishing does it perform? As a church, nothing at all. Individuals of the Liberal church are occupied here and there, doing what they can for the relief of the suffering, and the lightening of the heavy burdens which bow so many to the ground, but they work at great disadvantage, and often necessarily, in organizations that are Orthodox in spirit. The Liberal churches are chiefly occupied in maintaining their own existence. While our theology plainly indicates the work that we should do, in saving our fellowmen from vice and ignorance and moral death, and while our simple and beautiful faith, if practically carried out, would necessarily lead us whenever organized, to engage, as organizations, in works of reform, charity and philanthropy, we stand aloof, ever tinkering at the machinery of our societies, working only for ourselves, and hardly purposing any greater or more important work than to build up a strong and splendid denomination. If this is all we aim at, what is the good of it? *Cui bono?*"

W. T. CHURCH.

We print on another page the statement of C. C. Brackett and others, relative to the above named person. We are sorry to believe that Mr. Church, or any other individual, will stoop to the meanness of deception under such circumstances, but this expose, so unequivocally direct, with numerous others reported during the past year, leave no room for doubt that he is a trickster, and will lose no opportunity to impose upon those who trust him. We are not hasty in making this report; indeed, we have delayed until persons who know that we are in possession of facts, surmise that we are conniving at Mr. Church's escape from censure when it is justly due. In the meantime we have noticed that he is receiving the indorsement of parties who have had opportunities to test him, and who, no doubt, will strongly aver that he is a medium.

As to whether he is or is not a medium, aside from his tricks, we have no evidence on which to found an opinion, but with the proof that he is in the habit of practicing deception, the question of mediumship is of secondary importance, to the public interest, since such a person should in no wise be kept before the public by Spiritualists. Let it be understood that a medium detected in deception will at once lose public countenance and patronage, and we shall invite honesty and repel dishonesty. Not until then.

There is, in our opinion, a great mistake prevailing among Spiritualists in their attempts to perpetuate the public career of mediums who have again and again been exposed in frauds, because they are mediums, thinking, and sometimes honestly enough, no doubt, that the "cause" depends upon the defense of mediumship and open channels of communication between this and the Spiritual World, independent of the means used.

The plainest common sense leads us to unqualifiedly affirm that nothing can be further from truth. Mediumship without the qualification of honesty, as between man and man, is injurious to the possessor and a hindrance to Spiritual progress. Every act of deception that has been practiced in connection with the great body of Spiritualists, or per-

mitted, even with the laudable end of doing good eventually, hangs like an incubus upon the progress of the age; and in proportion to its extent we suffer to-day and as a movement are retarded.

What though we astonish the world with an array of impenetrable appearances—mixture of facts and fallacies—by what are we aided? Evidently *by the facts only*, so far as direct application is concerned, while the fallacies, of themselves, stand in an opposing column, and measurably counterbalance the influence of the facts.

Give us honest mediums or none at all. Let us require of spirits or mediums a conformity to the plain rules of right and fair dealing. It is a miserable theory that justifies the means by the ends

ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWES.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we announce to our readers the gratifying intelligence that a law has been passed by our Legislature which practically abolishes capital punishment. This law places in the hands of juries the right to prescribe the penalty of death, imprisonment for life, or imprisonment for a term of years, not less than *fourteen*. Under this law we believe no jury will say death.

The movement to abolish the gallows was inaugurated in this city, some six weeks since, by Hon. M. H. Bovee, of Wisconsin, the opening lecture being delivered by him in Crosby's Music Hall, the First Society of Spiritualists of the city tendering him the use of the hall for that purpose. The last lecture of the series was delivered in the State House, Springfield, some four days before the adjournment of the Legislature. The hall of the Representatives was filled to overflowing, State officers, members of the Legislature and citizens of the place composing the audience. Hon. J. B. Bradford, Mayor of the city, presided and introduced the speaker to the audience. The *State Register* thus alludes to the lecture:

"For nearly two hours the speaker enchained his audience by his powerful analysis of the whole question, clearly and conclusively proving that the death penalty was retained only by the early prejudices of a false education—that it was a blot and a stain upon the Christian character—not in accordance with our higher civilization, and at complete variance with the precepts of Jesus of Nazareth.

"The Speaker produced statistics clearly showing that in the States of Michigan, Rhode Island and Wisconsin, where capital punishment had been long since abolished, society was quite as safe and secure without as with the gibbet.

"The speaker illustrated the debasing effects of the statute of 'blood for blood' by many strong points.

"The Scriptural argument was handled in a masterly manner, and we think that in that large audience there was scarcely a person who was not thoroughly convinced that the gibbet could not be maintained by Scriptural authority.

"Although the lecture was delivered on Sabbath evening, the audience could scarcely repress their feelings by the usual popular applause.

"At the conclusion of the address, a number of the members of the Legislature stepped forward and congratulated the speaker, several declaring their intention to vote for the abolition of the gallows, who, prior to the lecture, were inclined to sustain the punishment of death."

Within three days after the delivery of this address the citadel of "blood for blood" was assaulted in gallant style, and before the enemy could rally, the trenches of conservatism had been carried, and the bright banner of Reform planted firmly upon the ramparts. The victory is great and Mr. Bovee has much to congratulate himself upon. In coming into our State he received but little encouragement. The gallows advocates regarded the movement as a harmless crusade against a respectable old statute, while the friends of the Reform manifested but little confidence in the movement. But the gentleman from Wisconsin seems to know his own strength. He is a man of indomitable courage, inflexible will, and possessing in a wonderful degree that inspiring faith which can remove mountains. Mr. Bovee has returned to his Wisconsin home, bearing with him the best wishes, the heartfelt thanks of the tens of thousands who will ever hold in grateful remembrance the name of him who has been instrumental in securing the virtual abolishment of capital punishment in the State of Illinois.

THE GREAT DISCUSSION.

We are glad to know that there is on all sides a great interest centered in the thorough Discussion which has taken place at Monmouth, Ill., between Mr. J. S. Loveland and Rev. Alexander Young, D. D., on the question of the human origin of the Bible.

The phonographic report of this Discussion is in the hands of our Reporter, and is being prepared as rapidly as possible, when it will, according to present calculations, be put to press and quickly issued.

We assure those interested that the book will be one of real merit; containing the most complete presentation of the subject of any one work extant. Mr. Loveland, we confidently say, fully maintained his position on the side of humanity.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Again we solicit our friends to hunt up for us such copies of No. 1, of the *SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC*, as can be spared, and return the same to us at our expense. This will accommodate those subscribers who wish to complete the volume.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

Our friend, the Rev. Dr. Massie, of London, says the *New York Independent*, has called our attention to a circular bearing the signatures of officers of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, the Spanish Abolitionist Society, and the French Emancipation Society, inviting at Paris, in the second or third weeks of June next, a conference of friends of the anti-slavery cause. It is proposed that this conference should comprise representatives from Brazil, England, and the English Colonies, France and the French Colonies, Holland and the Dutch Colonies, Hayti and St. Domingo, the African Republic of Liberia, Portugal, Spain and the Spanish Antilles, and the United States of America; and its immediate object is to take cognizance of the actual state of the anti-slavery question in these countries, and to consider what further means may be adopted to promote the abolition of the slave trade and slavery where these evils still exist. It is also hoped that representatives from Chili, Peru, and Mexico, and travelers and missionaries from Africa, may be present.

We need not say that we hail with special satisfaction this call for a conference of anti-slavery men from the four quarters of the globe. If wisely conducted, it cannot fail to exert a powerful influence for the extermination of slavery in Brazil, the Spanish Antilles, and the transmarine territories of Portugal; thus hastening on "the good time coming," when the sun in his circuit shall look down neither upon a master nor a slave!

Persons in this country who propose to attend the conference should send their names before the first of April, either to L. A. Chamerovzow, 27 New Broad street, London, E. C., or M. Augustin Cochin, 25 Rue St. Gillaume, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris.

PERSONAL.

By a formal vote of the Lower House of the Michigan Legislature, Fred. Douglass was recently invited to a seat on the floor.

Only a few days since this same "Lower House" passed an act requiring persons of African descent to swear that they possessed less than one-quarter negro blood before being permitted to vote. They must understand political gymnastics in Michigan.

The telegraph informs us that Charles F. Browne, better known as "Artemus Ward," died at Southampton, England, on the 7th inst.

William Lloyd Garrison has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the American Freedman's Union Commission to represent that Association in the World's Anti-Slavery Conference, to be held in Paris in June next. The fitness of the appointment will be universally recognized.

S. J. Finney has been called to his home at Ann Arbor, Mich., in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Finney; he returned to Troy, N. Y., last week, however, and resumed his labors. Mr. Finney is engaged to remain in Troy for some months to come. Address accordingly.

The Hon. M. H. Bovee, of Eagle, Wis., will answer calls to lecture before Societies, on Capital Punishment, Prison Reform, and other subjects bearing practically upon the progress of the race.

Walt Whitman, who was dismissed from the Interior Department on account of the "immoral character" of his "Leaves of Grass," is now a clerk in the Attorney-General's office, and is one of the promenaders on the avenue each afternoon pointed out to visitors.

George Herbert Thompson, son of George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, died at Kensington Park, London, on the 9th of February. The deceased was born in Roxbury, Mass., on the 6th of December, 1834, during Mr. Thompson's first visit to the United States. During the war of the rebellion, Mr. Thompson, Jr., who was an accomplished public speaker, delivered many addresses in favor of Union and Emancipation.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope, bring the sad intelligence that Dr. Livingston, the celebrated African explorer, has been killed by Caffres.

MARRIAGE FIDELITY.

That home is a perpetual "honey moon" where two souls blend, watchful to keep unstained the law of love. The consciousness that there has been no betrayal of plighted faith sanctifies every ambition, sweetens every toll, hallows every purpose of the heart. If there is a child-angel in that home—and it is not complete without one—each discipline or sacrifice heightens the sacredness of the union.

There is no harmony without virtue. The husband or wife, ever true to this principle, will never regret the hour of resistance to temptation. Each rift of care upon the brow is filled with the golden luster of integrity. The silvered locks are expressive of moral purity. As the years fade the form, the heart is tenderer, the memory keener. The happy pair are ripening for a better union in the immortal world. How beautiful such a pilgrimage—how blessed the departure! A happy marriage, sacred to holiness, and a happy home angelized by children, is the way to heaven.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

PEEP INTO SACRED TRADITION. By Rev. Orrin Abbott. Pamphlet. Price, 50 cts.; postage, 8 cts.

We have received the advance sheets of the above work, which is now in press and will soon appear. It is the second edition, re-print—the first edition of which was quickly disposed of.

In the course of this work Mr. Abbott reviews the progress of the races briefly, and enters into a critical review of the Bible, contrasting his own views with those of Horne. We are informed by the author that this work will appear and be ready for delivery in a few days.

POEMS BY AMANDA T. JONES. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

Miss Jones commences her book by the mythological account of the glory and guilt—the uprising and destruction of *Atlantis*. She then tells, in verse, the story of our own *Atlantis*, of our greatness and wickedness. Hear her:

"My Country, thus with Truth and Freedom blest,
Who for thy hurt had dared to barb the dart,
Save that thine arm, far-reaching from the West,
Had plunged the knife in Afric's bleeding heart.
Oh, guilty nation, jeering at the mart
Where men were scourged, and swarthy maidens sold,
When Vengeance rose what arm his bolts could thwart?"

The war called out many singers, but none have sung sweeter or grander songs than we find among Miss Jones' patriotic poems. Had "The Prophecy of the Dead" come to us nameless, we should at once have said, "Mrs. Browning is here." It is not an imitation of Mrs. Browning, but in it we see her spirit. Hear her brave, strong words.

Here is an extract from the poem:

"We thought the volcano of War
Would belch out its flames in the East;
We knew where the winds were ajar
With the quarrel of soldier and priest;
We shuddered—though far—
To think how the vultures might feast.

"We said, 'We have Liberty's smile:
Go to! we are safe in the West!'
But the plague-spot was on us the while,
And the serpent was warm in our breast:
We can no more revile—
The ox is for sacrifice dressed.

"Do ye hear, O ye Dead, in your tombs—
Ye Dead, whose bold blows made us free—
Do ye hear the *reville* of drums?
Can ye say what the issue shall be?
Past the midnight that comes,
Is the noon rising up from the sea?"

"Who whispered? Is life underneath
Astir in the dust of the brave?
For there steals to my ear such a breath
As can only steal out of the grave:
'Ye must go down to death:
Ye have drunk of the blood of the slave.'

"We have sinned, we have sinned, O ye Dead!
Our fields with the out-crying blood
Of Abel, our brother, are fed:
Must we therefore be drowned in the flood?
Waits no Ararat's head?
Is no ark guided there by our God?"

The poems are not without blemishes. The measure is often defective; some words seem hard, others out of place, and "blue skies began to bloom," is a heavy tax upon the imagination, but take the book all in all, it has but few equals among poems. If Miss Jones is—as we think she is—a young writer, she bids fair to rank among the gifted of all lands.

"The Soldier's Mother" is a sweet heart song. We give it place here for the benefit of those who may not see the book:

"THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER."

"Awake, little daughter, awake!
The sad moon is weaving her shroud;
The pale, drooping lily-bells quake;
The river is sobbing aloud.
I want your sweet face in my sight,
While I open my room to the night:
The torn clouds are flying, the lupine is sighing,
The whip-poor-will wails in affright.

"There's a shadow just marked on the floor—
Now soaring and breaking its bond;
'Tis the woodbine, perhaps, by the door,
Or the blooming acacia beyond.
Oh, pitiful weakness of grief!
Oh, trouble, of troubles the chief!
When shades can assail us, and terrors impale us,
At sight of a quivering leaf.

"I weep, little daughter, I weep;
But chide me not, love, for I heard,
Three times in the depth of my sleep,
The clang of a terrible word.
'Your Harry is dying,' he cried;
'Is dying' and 'dying,' he sighed;
As bells that, in tolling, set echoes to rolling,
The fainting sound ebbs like the tide.

"Then the walls of my room fell away;
My eye pierced the distance afar,

Where, by the plowed field of the fray,
The camp fire shone out like a star.
And southward, unhindered, I fled,
By the instinct of motherhood led;
The night-wind was blowing, the red blood was flowing,
And Harry was dying—was dead!

"I dreamed, little daughter, I dreamed—
Look! the window is lit by a face.
It is not? Well, how life-like it seemed!
Go, draw down the curtains of lace.
It may be 'twas only a flower;
For fancy has wonderful power.
The loud wind is whirring—hark! something is stirring—
'Tis midnight—the clock knells the hour.

The horseman had ridden all night;
His garments were spotted with gore;
His foot crushed the lily-bells white—
He entered the vine-covered door.
'Your Harry is dying,' he said;
The mother just lifted her head,
And answered, unweeping, like one who is sleeping,
'Not dying, good soldier, but dead!'"

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Governor Pierpont, of Virginia, in his message to the extra session of the Legislature recommends the adoption of the situation furnished by the Military Reconstruction Bill; but dispatches indicate that the Governor's advice will not be received.

M. Lejean, a French *savant*, despatched on an exploring expedition to India and the Persian Gulf by Napoleon III., has discovered MSS. of extraordinary antiquity, extending from the oldest time to the Alexandrine period, and from the Arians to Buddhism. M. Lejean also speaks of having discovered what he calls "pre-Sanscrit" idioms in some of the dialects still spoken between Cashmere and Afghanistan.

William B. Astor, son of the founder of the Astor Library, has just given to that institution the sum of \$50,000.

The Eight Hour League carried the charter election at Ionia, Mich., last week.

A Convention of the Dairymen of Winnebago Co., Ill., was held in Rockford, Ill., on Wednesday and Thursday, 6th and 7th inst. The reports and discussions involved matters of much interest in that branch of industry, and show that our farmers are not mere turners of clods. They read, and study into the law of things.

A writer informs us that the liberal people of Hillsdale Co., Mich., have organized themselves into an association, with S. W. Farr, A. A. Pond, and William Bryan as an Executive Board. They have commenced building a fine Hall, which is to be dedicated to free thought and free speech.

A Children's Lyceum has been organized in Buffalo, N. Y., and is arousing the people to a real enthusiasm.

The friends of humanity and progress in St. Joseph, Mo., are just organizing into working order on a plan of self-culture. Having the way, let us have the "inner witness" indicating the practical work.

The Freedmen's Bureau has received a letter from Grayson county, Texas, saying the government must do something to protect the negroes, two having been most brutally murdered within the last few days. Ruffians are continually maltreating the blacks. Within a circle of twenty miles a dozen have been assassinated.

The *Herald's* Berlin correspondent chronicles the splendid triumphs of the Liberal Democracy of Germany at the general election held under the universal suffrage franchise. The city returns from Berlin show that Count Bismark, with every General of the late war, or Prussian hero, were signally defeated by the constituencies to which they were nominated.

The admirers of Thomas Paine, resident in Denver, Colorado, lately commemorated his memory by a grand ball and festival.

Mr. Hobert's Eight Hour Bill in the Wisconsin Legislature, introduced a few days since, passed to a third reading.

A bill was introduced into the same Legislature "to pay Elder Spooner two dollars and fifty cents a piece for his prayers during the Session." Money poorly expended.

There has been great excitement in and around Boston for some days past on account of financial troubles. The cashier of the First National Bank of Newton, Mass., has disappeared with accounts short \$110,000; while the State Bank of Boston throws out certificates, irregularly made, to the amount of over half a million.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF INDIANA.

As Chairman of the Committee to call a State Convention for State Organization, I have addressed many of the friends private letters, and have received quite a number of answers, all favoring the movement, and mostly desiring the Convention to be held in May or June next. I should be glad to hear further from the friends in various parts of the State, in regard to a place to hold the Convention, before making final arrangements. Please address,

SAMUEL MAXWELL.

Richmond, Ind.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. A. E. Hill, Psychometrist, has returned from the East and taken room 44, up stairs, at 129 South Clark st. Mrs. Hill is a fine psychometrist, and any one investigating this subject, or more directly investigating phenomenal Spiritualism, will do well to call on her.

L. B. Brown of Dewitt, Mich., on Feb. 17th, organized a Children's Progress Lyceum at Lansing, with the finest prospects of success. Mr. Brown proposes to devote himself to the organization of other Lyceums in the State. He has had experience as conductor, and will do a good work wherever called.

We are informed that Drs. Greer and Blackman have, by the solicitation of many friends, concluded to remain in Peoria, and can be found in their office at that place until further notice.

We have in our care letters for Rev. H. N. Strong, Peter Schriener, Mary A. Boadaly and A. F. Groondyke. What shall we do with them?

Dr. A. N. Miller, recently from Washington, Iowa, is about to locate in Chicago, to practice the healing art by the laying on of hands. He brings good credentials.

Byron Reed, of Kokomo, Ind., is actively engaged as an agent for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC and LITTLE BOUQUET. He says in a recent letter, "The BOUQUET is a perfect gem. I shall spare no pains to increase its circulation."

Wesley Cornell writes to us from Buchanan, Mich., that Spiritualism is arousing considerable interest there, with the usual amount of opposition. He calls upon lecturers to visit this field of labor on their route of travel.

A communication from Mrs. C. L. Warren, Janesville, Iowa, informs us of the rapid spread of our cause in that section of the country. She says her husband is lecturing in that region with success.

We print this week the psychometric reading of James N. Bruce, by Mrs. Ferree, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Bruce is a colored man and one of the finest photographers of Washington. We have been favored with a fine picture of him as he stands in his operating room, with the implements of art around him. It is quite a step from the cotton and the cane field to the artist's gallery. Yet it is not unlike the way we all move, more or less directly.

We noticed some weeks since that Mrs. S. E. Warner, one of our ablest Western lecturers, was quite ill at Sturgis, Mich. A letter just received from Mr. Warner, in which he acknowledges very kind assistance from Dr. L. L. Moore and family of Sturgis, Mich., and Dr. R. W. Hathaway and wife of Milwaukee, Wis., informs us that she has been very ill, but is so far recovered as to be able to go to Beloit, Wis., where she has an engagement to lecture during March and April. We hope that Mrs. Warner will so care for herself as to be able to remain at her work, for she is much needed on the rostrum.

FORCEYTHE WILSON.

In a recent number of the *Weekly Review*, we find the following sketch of Forceythe Wilson, the poet, of whom little personally was known to the public, and whose early death has awakened a new interest in himself and his works: "Mr. Wilson was a native of New Albany, Ind., and at the time of his death was not far from thirty years of age. Educated at Antioch College, under the guidance of Horace Mann, and blessed with a competence of worldly wealth, he devoted his life to desultory literary labor. When the war broke out, he established a connection with the *Louisville Journal*, and from his pen came the remarkable editorials in that paper, which were powerfully instrumental in saving Kentucky to the Union. About two years ago, Mr. Wilson removed to Cambridge, Mass., and bought a fine house, next to that of Prof. Lowell. He was known to but few of his townsmen; he made few acquaintances; but those who were privileged to know him unite in pronouncing him the embodiment of purity, sincerity and manliness. He was the very picture of health, vigorous and active, and his large, oriental eyes glowed with the eloquence of a generous soul. During his residence at Cambridge he lost his wife, whom he loved with deep fervor, and this affliction, doubtless, influenced him to change his residence and return to Indiana. He left Cambridge about four months ago. His nature was wonderfully spiritualized. He possessed an inexplicable power, which he called 'psychometry,' and, which, as he said, enabled him to look beyond the limits of ordinary vision. For instance, he would take a letter, and, pressing it to his forehead, announce the character and personal appearance of the writer. This he did, with perfect accuracy, with letters from Hawthorne, R. H. Stoddard and others. Frequently he used to say that the things of the other world were far more real to him than the things of this. His wife, he would say, after her death, was constantly present with him, talking with him as of old. He also had a presentiment of his own death, and he constantly alluded to it in his conversation, yet he seemed to cherish it as a thing most precious; confident in his future, he welcomed the change that would reunite him with the object of his adoration on earth."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR CANVASSERS.

Here now, dear reader, is a rare chance to procure musical instruments, to emparadise home with inspiring melodies.

The Organ is Taylor & Farley's, and suitable for public worship, or the more endearing worship of the home circle.

Table listing musical instruments and prices: 400 one-year subscribers, or subscription of \$1200—Piano worth \$325, 350 ... 900—Organ ... 400, 150 ... 450—Organ ... 150, 10 ... 30—Guitar ... 10, 5 ... 15—Guitar ... 5

WHO WILL RESPOND?

We are pushing on with indefatigable energy in the reformatory work, and judging from the commendations of the people whom we serve, we are assured that success will crown the enterprise.

SEWING MACHINE.

We have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Finkle & Lyonto supply our friends with their

SUPERB SEWING MACHINE.

It is a first class Lock-stitch Machine, divested of every loose and clumsy attachment, of even delicate and complicated contrivance, is perfectly simple in its construction, easily understood, and readily adjusted.

Table listing sewing machine prices: To canvassers we will furnish this Machine, properly packed, marked and delivered at our office, as ordered, on the following liberal terms: For 50 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, pre-paid one year, Machine worth \$60. " 36 " " " " with \$10 extra " " " 23 " " " " " \$20 " " " " 10 " " " " " \$30 " " "

ENGRAVINGS.

In offering our steel engravings to canvassers, it is understood that they are to make their own selections from our advertised list:

Table listing engraving prices: 20 copies SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, prepaid, 1 year, \$15 worth of engravings, 15 " " " " \$12 " " " " 10 " " " " 8 " " " " 8 " " " " 5 " " " " 3 " " " " 2 " " " " 1 " " " " 50c. " " "

BOOKS.

We offer the following new inducements to canvassers for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Postage prepaid at this office:

Table listing book prices: 20 one year subscribers or subscription of \$60—books worth \$12, 10 ... 30— ... 6, 6 ... 18— ... 3, 2 ... 6— ... 1, One year's subscription, \$3—Emma Hardinge's Lectures, or Biography of Satan.

PRIZE.

Aside from the cash club, or agency rates, we will give ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the canvasser who, within a year, obtains for the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC the largest list of prepaid subscribers, with the greatest amount of money.

GENERAL TRAVELING AGENTS.

- A. A. WHEELLOCK, MOSES HULL, MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

DR. RANDOLPH'S WORKS.—We have on hand "Ravallette," \$1.50, and "Dealings with the Dead," \$1.00. Postage prepaid at this office.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

From C. F. Young.

Forty-five miles above the mouth of Boise River, in Southern Idaho, is Boise City. It is near the head of a beautiful valley, from three to five miles wide, which is the largest body of agricultural land in the territory.

The mines of Southern Idaho are principally in the Owyhee and Bannock Mountains, where are found leads or lodes of gold and silver bearing quartz that cannot be exhausted in hundreds of years.

Boise City is the capital of the Territory and the principal depot of supplies for these mines. The valley produces hay, grain and vegetables abundantly.

Of the state of society, but little of praise can be said. The country was first settled by adventurous men who expected to remain but a few years and then return to "the old folks at home," or "the girls they left behind them."

My object in writing this communication is to call the attention of progressive people seeking homes in the West. Considering ourselves permanently located here, we, of course, desire a progressive society.

A small amount of capital is absolutely necessary, as no farm or business is ever sold on a credit, and the current rate of interest is 3 per cent. per month.

Boise City, Idaho Territory, Jan. 14, 1867.

W. T. Church Exposed.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I am moved by a sense of duty to reply to an article from Decatur, which appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT some weeks since, extolling the mediumship and character of W. T. Church, which we have a right to deny; not, however, in any spirit of persecution, but in the spirit of kindness and charity.

He began his seances on the 21st of September, and very soon the city was in a great state of excitement. It being at my house, we could not accommodate all the people that desired to attend. Now for the facts in detail: A plan was concocted by several intelligent and respectable citizens, most of whom had attended for several nights previously, to solve the mystery, if possible, and had kept the circle broken, (which Church said must be kept intact to produce manifestations) and found they were produced equally as well as before, which led to his detection.

On the evening of the 8th of October, lights were suddenly sprung in the midst of the performances. He had been fastened by a committee selected from the circle with a rope passing around his body, thence through a loop of another rope suspended from the wall, the ends of the first rope being held by the editor of the Lincoln Intelligencer.

coat and boots. He had thrown the castanets, but was surrounded and secured before regaining the chair. This was witnessed by all present, about twenty persons. His only plea was that of unconsciousness, which I am satisfied was not true from the fact of his preconcerted arrangements.

Now, dear friends, imagine yourselves in a community of four thousand people, defending such a man. But I assure you this has not shaken my faith in our beautiful philosophy of modern Spiritualism. I did not become a believer through the manifestations alone, but through reason and philosophy some twelve years since.

Yours for truth, C. C. BRACKETT. Lincoln, February 3, 1867.

We, the undersigned, being present at the exposure of W. T. Church at the house of Mr. C. C. Brackett, on the evening named, substantiate the foregoing statements.

- J. P. HAINES, Mrs. S. C. BRACKETT, J. J. FRIEND, C. H. GEER, HENRY STURGES, MISS LIBBIE BRACKETT, DANIEL E. SWALLOW, JEREMIAH McMULLEN, HENRY G. WARNER, ABEL H. MILLER, N. F. FRIEND, M. W. BARRETT, THOS. B. PARKER, R. B. CODDINGTON.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM MRS. E. HIGGINS.

We cannot afford to lose one number of the REPUBLIC, as we are very much pleased with it. We look for it as for a familiar friend. We want to keep the volume complete on account of Mrs. Corbin's "Woman's Secret," as well as for other valuable matter it contains.

Mantorville, Dodge Co., Minn., Feb. 20.

FROM S. C. HAYFORD.

I feel that life has vaster and nobler meanings to me than it ever had before. I begin to realize some of the possibilities of my nature. What a field is before us! rich in results, the great future calls us on, the inspiration of brighter realms urges us and impels us to go up higher. Humanity, with its hunger of soul, asks of us the bread of life.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 1, 1867.

FROM L. A. NORTHAM.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC: I not only believe, but do know the philosophy which you are daily teaching and illustrating to be of the greatest importance to all who would live truly and grow in the knowledge of the Truth.

West Dayton, Iowa, Feb. 12, 1867.

FROM A. A. WHEELLOCK.

The BOUQUET—as I glance over it, I fancy bright hopes and great realities in store for its future; for it comes to me laden with the glad sunlight of childhood.

FROM HENRY J. OSBORNE, EDITOR OF THE "EPOCH."

Had my voice been heard in the sunny South, land of my nativity, this past war had been avoided. I look with no little anxiety upon the present status of affairs, and am willing to die, if need be, at my post of duty.

I am making strong efforts for our own good cause, and I wait as patiently as possible, for the religious changes that must come. I do not reject all religion while fighting against its errors, for such is not the way to gain the victory. Realizing my responsibilities, I hope for strength to meet them.

Augusta, Ga.

FROM G. B. WORTHINGTON.

I like the appearance of the REPUBLIC. Its outward garb will not suffer in comparison with any publication that I know, while the tone and vigor of its editorials cannot fail to command respect.

Sterling, Ill., March 1, 1867.

FROM HARRISON BARRETT.

You have now struck the key note of life, truth, immortality, and eternal progress—all of which is in harmony with the labors and songs of the angels of light in the Summer Land. Those angels have charge over you; so fear not for mortal opposition.

When a man wants more light, let him seek it, or hang on the skirts of progress until he gets courage and strength to stand alone, and able to come out into the sunshine of the Spiritual Republic.

Sheboygan, Wis., Feb. 28.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Success of the Spiritual Reporter.

In many respects the success of the *Spiritual Reporter* has surpassed my expectations. The numerous letters which I have received, expressing the most hearty sympathy with this whole plan of supplying our best lectures, have indeed, been encouraging. A few extracts from letters received, will exhibit, in a measure, the satisfaction with which the weekly visits of the *Reporter* are received:

"At our weekly circles we collect a few cents from each member for the purchase of the '*Reporter*,' therefore we wish to send remittances about every month if possible, for one hundred copies per week. We all consider this one of the best movements in the cause. Success to it.

A. D. BALLOU.

"Mankato, Minn., Dec. 28, 1866."

Bro. Ballou wrote me, Feb. 25th, enclosing an order for "one hundred more per week for a month," with the words, "They are doing a great work."

"I approve highly of your idea. I wish you would send me a paper or two occasionally to places where I lecture, and I will send you, or give you, when I come to Chicago, a subscription. EMMA HARDINGE.

"8 Fourth Avenue, New York."

"I think the *Reporter* is just what we want, as we can get the lectures read in that form. JOHN FAULK.

"Belleville, Wis."

"I have long felt the need of such a paper, and hope that you will succeed in your enterprise. JAMES K. DEARTH.

"North Potsdam, N. Y."

"I wish the Spiritualists of the United States would put the *Reporter* into every man, woman and child's hands that can read. What a harvest we should have in twelve months. "Turner Junction, Ill. JAMES BARBER."

"We hold meetings once a week and have circles. We want your *Spiritual Reporter*. Send twenty-five copies.

"Allegan, Mich. JOHN M. HEATH."

"The people like the *Reporter*. Go on and succeed, is the wish of your friend, and may the angel-world prosper you. "Pontiac, Mich. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL."

"I want the *Spiritual Reporter* for distribution among my 'Christian friends. WM. BRYAN.

"Camden, Mich."

"I like the change in your prospectus for the *Reporter*. Its weekly visits to subscribers for single copies will be far more satisfactory to your patrons than getting twenty or thirty copies of the same lecture. MRS. S. R. CRAWFORD.

"Cassopolis, Mich."

The object in furnishing the *Reporter* by "wholesale," is to avoid the expense of mailing to subscribers for single copies, and thus afford them cheaply for purposes of distribution. The members of many circles adopt the plan of contributing a few cents each week, for a supply of twenty-five *Reporters*. This illustrates the fact of how much can be done by even a slight effort in the right direction.

"May I be permitted to suggest to your mind the possibility of making a *Spiritual* tract issue an outgrowth of your *Spiritual Reporter* enterprise? Could not a *Spiritual* tract association be formed, to commission millions of these little Johns in the Mind's Wilderness, to forerun and outrun the Church-Christ, to prepare the way of truth, and make straight the paths of progression? C. B. BAGSTER.

"Philadelphia, Pa."

I am willing to co-operate with the friends of Reform in any and every way by which the most good can be accomplished. A "*Spiritual Tract Association*" is just what we need. My opinion is that the *Spiritual Reporter* may be made to practically cover the whole ground of tract issues. According to my prospectus I am not confined to reports of formal lectures only, and the conception of the *Reporter* enterprise was to make it a self-sustaining tract. To accomplish this I offer business men rare inducements to advertise in the *Reporter*, and thus, while they are reaping the advantages accruing from a system of liberal advertising, they, at the same time, are aiding what is universally acknowledged among Reformers to be a good work. The cheapness of the *Reporter*, and the excellence of its matter, will have a tendency to swell its subscription list beyond anything ever published in the *Spiritual* field. Its financial success depends largely on its advertising patronage, and I trust that those interested in the success of the enterprise will use their influence in procuring advertisements for the *Reporter*. Thus far, nearly my entire advertising patronage is confined to the city of Chicago only. The circulation of the *Reporter* is constantly increasing. The advertising department is limited to four pages, hence there is more likelihood of an advertisement being read than when inserted among a multitude of other advertisements, as we see them in most newspapers. Mediums and others whose success depends mainly upon advertising, will please make a note of this. W. F. JAMIESON.

The fathers of Generals Grant, Sherman, Sedgwick, Mansfield and McClellan were all born in Connecticut.

Garibaldi's sons have gone to Candia to help the Cretans.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Leisure for the People.

(Written for the Hopedale Social Science Society.)

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE.

Waken, toilers, light is breaking!
Morn upon the mountain reigns;
In the dim, prophetic distance,
Lo! a trumpet voice proclaims:
"LEISURE for the toiling people!
Wealth from Nature's golden shore:
Knowledge for the waiting nations,
Herald it the wide world o'er!"

Voices from across the ocean,
Wafted from old England's clime,
Greeted from the Western prairies,
Loud the bells of Freedom chime!
"Leisure for the toiling bondman,
Delving in his master's ore;
Justice, with thy mighty trumpet,
Herald it the wide world o'er!"

Earnest woman, now, is knocking
At the door of Senate Halls,
Equal rights for all demanding;
She for justice bravely calls,—
Leisure for the working women,
Social evils to explore,—
"Social science" for the People!
Herald it the wide world o'er!

Then we'll labor till oppression,
In its hydra form, is dead;
Labor till the world's producer
Dare uplift his manly head;
Till no honest, life-long worker
Lacks a HOME on any shore;
JUSTICE to the toiling masses,—
Herald it the wide world o'er!

And we'll plow the furrow deeply,
Virtue from the sub-soil bring,
With a voice of living thunder
Still upon the anvil ring:
"LEISURE for the toiling millions!
Wealth from Nature's golden store,
Riches for the men who earn them,—
Herald it the wide world o'er!"

Hopedale (Vine Cottage), February, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

A Bible Argument on Women's Rights.

BY DR. BAGSTER.

The *Vineland Weekly*, has given its readers a letter on "Woman's Right to Vote, from a Bible Standpoint." It is as follows:

"WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE, FROM A BIBLE STANDPOINT.

"MR. EDITOR: If it be true, as we a Christian people profess to believe it is, that the Holy Scripture was given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works; then, certainly, to be consistent, we ought to form our conclusions in regard to woman's rights, as on all other subjects, from this inspired volume, in the light of divine truth—and make up our minds that, whatever cannot be supported thereby should be discarded, however much it may be credited by men of the world.

"Now, on this question, the Bible doctrine is so very plain that no one need mistake in regard to it. This inspired volume informs us that, after our first parents had eaten of the forbidden fruit, they were called separately to answer for their transgression, and to hear from the great Judge the sentence pronounced on them.

"A part of that pronounced on the woman was in these words, to wit: 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'

"This decision, coming as it did from the Judge of all the earth, was a just decision, and as such, should be submitted to by every daughter of Eve.

"This was the doctrine preached by the inspired apostles, and believed and practised by the holy women of old times. See Gen. III: 16, Eph. V: 22, Col. III: 18, 1 Peter III: 1, 1 Titus II: 1 and 5.

"It may be asked, 'What has this to do with woman's right to vote?' and be claimed that the subjection in which Eve was put to her husband referred only to the family connection. This is a mistake as we shall here show. The right here conferred on the husband to rule his wife was not confined to the family. It was to commence here, but was to extend through the entire circle of social life, up into the higher departments of civil governments. This is implied from the language. As it was given to the husband (singular) to rule over *his*, it follows as a sequence that husbands (collectively) in an organized form have the same divine authority to rule over their wives.

"We conclude, therefore, on the authority of God's word, that it is not the right or prerogative of woman to make, or help make, civil laws.

"Where women have property of their own and are taxed

thereon, they should, on the principle of simple justice, be allowed to have a voice in the appropriation of such tax money, but no farther.

"The claim so often and everywhere set forth, that woman should be elevated to a higher sphere and action of life; that they are endowed with moral and intellectual faculties equal or superior to men, and should be allowed the free exercise of these faculties as religious and political teachers, and as clerks in departments of State, is not objected to. They may, no doubt, be of excellent service, and act as powerful auxiliaries in these respects; but to be allowed to go to the polls and vote, is quite another thing.

"D. W."

Let us see if "D. W." has not erroneously called *his* idea of this subject the Bible standpoint, fished up out of the muddy waters if a superficial reading of "God's word."

The point is just here: Is woman inferior to man, or is she not? If inferior, her place in life is a lower sphere of action, but if not, then what is lawful for one, is lawful for the other, and limited only by the capacity to perform. What saith the Scripture? After the formation of Chavah or Eve, the first woman, from a rib of Adam, the first man, Adam awoke from a deep sleep and found one like himself at his side, and after due examination, declared her to be bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh, and he called her Isha, because she was taken out of Ish. And according to the Septuagint, the Ulgatic, Syriac, Arabic, and Samaritan versions, though not so translated into English, they Two became One. That is to say, first one was made into two, and then the two into one—at any rate, Adam was perfectly satisfied of the bone and flesh equality of his *alter ego*. And if "the mind is the standard of the man," then Isha was superior to Ish, for she gave birth to the first desire for wisdom, and became his teacher. And if Worcester's definition of a vote, viz.: A voice at an election, is a correct one; Eve certainly cast the first vote, when she elected to become wise.

Cruden says, "Woman was created to be a companion and assistant to man; she was equal to him in that authority and jurisdiction that God gave them over all other animals. But after the fall, God made her subject to the government of man, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'"

The Samaritan Pentateuch, the most ancient of copies, contains letters, words and sentences, and sometimes several verses, not in any other known version of the Mosaic record—and some of them are of considerable importance to the integrity of the English translation. One of them makes the serpent story one of grave doubt. The word "nachash" is properly translated serpent, but "nachash" ought to have been transcribed "cachash, a deceiver simply, and not a serpent, and this would have considerably altered the familiar pictures of Eve's temptation to get wisdom—and perhaps suggested the visit instead, of some "vagabond" from the land of Nod, or the East of Eden, whither Eve was looking for light; for by "the land of Nod" is meant vagabond land, whither Cain fled, after the death of Abel, at the invitation, perhaps, of his mother's cachash.

Up to the time, then, of "the fall," Ish and Isha had equal authority and jurisdiction over all other Polls, male and female, then existing—and in common with all "other animals," as Cruden says, "had the current of desire running from the male to the female; but at this juncture of her history, God changed the direction of this current and made her the fountain to her husband—a grand exception to the universal law of desire."

This curtailment of Chavah's, or the woman's right of voting on questions of common interest, took place, therefore, at the institution of "original sin;" so, for argument sake, let us consider that no woman, under the curse, had any right of government, but was to be ruled even in her desires by some man—some husband-man—the married women by their own husbands, then present; the unmarried by their expected bridegrooms, then coming; and widows by their departed lords, then gone. Let this be conceded, and then let us see what saith the Scriptures: For 4,000 years woman was the slave of man, a mere chattel, according to Mosaic history, to be bought and sold, robbed, stolen and dishonored, and then "put away" by a simple writing of divorcement. And then Christ was born. Man and woman became new creatures; old things passed away; all things became new. The second Adam made good the restoration of the first, by offering complete and universal salvation to all mankind. St. Paul could not be clearer when he said; "As by one offense judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the One Righteousness the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." So, then, it is quite clear that whatever case "D. W." makes out against women assisting men to make laws for their mutual government, in consequence of Chavah's thirst for knowledge, he must admit the fact of her perfect restoration of rights through the merits of Christ, or not believe in what Paul said as "an inspiration of God."

Let "D. W." remember that inspiration says, also, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and by the golden rule of Confucius, judge Isha and her sisters by the same rule he would judge Ish and his brothers. Philadelphia, Pa., February 14, 1867.

For The Spiritual Republic.

Social Reconstruction—No. 2.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

We have seen that in any comprehensive practical movement to realize association, there must be embraced such elements of equity in distribution as will render impossible the development of class prerogatives and those conditions of inequality which constitute the "glory and shame" of our civilization.

Unless, therefore, we can find persons in sufficient numbers to co-operate, without appealing to motives, such as are employed in stock jobbing enterprises, we had better wait until they can be found. There must also be a higher motive than a desire to improve our individual conditions, for it must not be forgotten that such movements at first must be experimental, and require much outlay of toil and means, and perseverance, before any marked success can be obtained.

If, however, the requisite numbers can be found with moderate means and devoted purpose, and with just conceptions of what the movement required and what it promised, there can be little doubt of a final triumph. The first pioneers must be builders, toilers in the work, and happy in the growing prospect that at length they may become *dwellers* in the social order they have inaugurated for the generations to come.

To think of spanning at a bound the gulf between civilization and the "combined order" is preposterous. Doubtless the latter may be attained without long and tedious delay in methods of transitions. But the steps have all to be taken; even though it may be possible now to proceed with the rapidity of the steam car. We are living in this age and country under remarkably favorable circumstances. Our form of government is the only one under which any true system could ever grow. If not based on the "Law of the Series," it will be found readily to conform to it. That it is subject now to the sway of unworthy men, and to abuses and corruptions sickening to contemplate, is not the fault of the system; but that in spite of it, we cling still to the commercial and social customs, which we received from monarchical and feudal Europe, and which we should have abjured with political caste and the "divine right" of kings.

The commerce of Republican America is controlled to-day by the same maxims and rules as in the days of Queen Dido, and its permission to live under our laws, has made it king here, even as slavery, from bare toleration, ascended to the seat of power and ruled us for generations. It is assumed now that every public man, at least, has his *price*, and offices are bestowed, and lucrative franchises granted through a system of brokerage and commission as fully organized and recognized as any in stock jobbing or forestalling operations. Legislation is for caste and corporations, and wherever it will bring most money to the legislator and his friends.

Were the principles of our form of government honestly carried out, we should have free lands by an equitable limitation, which is the only law through which human rights can be secured. We should have no banking institutions accorded the privilege of exacting one interest from government and another from the people. We should have no legalized corporations, empowered to declare among their stockholders fifty per cent of the people's earnings; nor such monstrous perversions of "rights of property" as allow combinations of wealth to forestall the markets of the world, and subject the people to the opposite extremes of famine, on the one hand, and of over production on the other.

When the people shall have rescued their government from the power of commerce, as they have from that of slavery, we shall find social reconstruction a matter of easier solution than that of the recalcitrant States now is.

Then it will be legitimate to urge on capitalists the advantage of association, where their wealth can be conserved and glorified, but until then, it is idle to think of diverting capital from its explorations by promising it greater facilities in the association, to effect the same thing. The hope of Fourier that some Prince of Europe would inaugurate the movement, is not more absurd. It is useless to wait for such *possibilities* and ignore the practicabilities which we possess.

We have yet cheap, fertile tracts of land; we live in an age when every kind of industry is required and comparatively well rewarded. Our great need is social intercourse, refined and elevating, and guarantee against the strokes of misfortune, and the oppressions of our unequal system of trade. To those who do not care to achieve a condition which will remove the necessity of work; but to be protected in the enjoyments of its full products, where co-operation and social harmony shall take the place of individual struggle, and the envy, contention and personal conflict now involved in life; there is abundant inducement to enter into the new movement. All that is wanting is competent leaders, and confidence in each other.

But these two requisites can only be attained by experience. It would be better then to begin by associating in a simple way at first; by forming a neighborhood or house-

hold; co-operating in sales, purchases, necessary machinery for common purposes, etc., as far and as fast as it was found practicable.

The communities of Shakers, etc., have shown that co-operation secures physical comforts and security against the ordinary adversities of life. If they have not higher cultivation, and superior social enjoyments, it is not for want of means; but because their religious bond forbids.

Their peculiar ideas of marriage evidently do not make them more or less successful in a material point of view; since by adopting children and the accession of new converts their numbers are often increased as rapidly as if they lived as other people.

The secret of their success is, devotion to an idea. They believe it to be in accordance with the divine will, and so undoubtedly it is, for them: but that there are not still higher purposes and aims for which to live, and on which we might come into accord, I cannot doubt.

To effect a change so great, so grand as the turning this contentious world into a "combined order," as harmonious as the order of the "revolving heavens," would be a work in which no man or woman would shrink from any toil or privation. But when it is considered that these are not necessary, only loving, cheerful labor, with deep love for humanity and loyal trusting hearts, I cannot feel but that bonds sufficiently strong to bind in union hearts thus moved will be found. Whether we call them religious or otherwise is of no account. There must be a cause to work for, or the work will not be done. If we start with selfish aims to secure a better position personally, or to acquire more wealth, we shall surely fall out by the way.

The only organizations succeeding till now have been "communities;" and for the reason that they have some central idea. In Shakerism it was the inspiration of Ann Lee, and the peculiar asceticism she taught. The Oneida community have succeeded beyond anticipation. Their central idea is "perfect salvation" through Christ, though their faith seems equally strong in the especial mission of J. H. Noyes, and his discovery that Christ's second coming was "about the year '70" and that since then the world has been in complete darkness till now.

It does not follow because communities only have as yet succeeded, that that form must be adopted to warrant success. It only shows that there must be a common object in view and that above the scope of individual interest or ambition. When association becomes adopted generally, there will be a combination of interests and attractions, as well as noble motives to keep the world moving in that order; but now to stem the popular current, to make the personal ambitions subservient to the common good, and individual interests harmonize with the general weal, requires a superior aim and purpose, which has heretofore taken the form of some religious idea or fanaticism. But such movements can never mold society generally. A truly world-wide philanthropy and a genuine patriotism can alone do this. If these constitute, or are embraced in religion, very well. But no religious idea narrower than the pater-nity of God and the brotherhood of man, will serve any but a partial and exceptional use.

I should say that to commence an organization inaugurative of these principles, no persons should be induced to enter, who could not come with a permanent purpose to serve humanity and assist in bringing to practical test the great principles of co-operative labor, distributive justice and social concord. In the experience of the various communities, there is much to profit by, if we are not too proud to learn; and with moderate anticipations as to immediate results and steady faith in ultimate success, the work will not fail of its reward, even in its first stages of progress.

An Address Delivered by Victor Hugo.

An American lady, passing the winter in Dresden, capital of Saxony, sends to the editor of the Philadelphia Press, the following translation of an address delivered some months ago by the French poet, Victor Hugo, at the interment of Miss Emily De Putron:

"Within a few weeks, we have been occupied with two sisters—the one we have married, and now we are burying the other. Such is the perpetual agitation of life. Let us bow, my brethren, before inflexible destiny, and let us bow with hope. Our eyes are made to weep, but they are made to see. Our heart is made to suffer, but it is also made to believe. Faith in another existence springs from the faculty of loving. Let us not forget that in this inquiet life, which is controlled by love, it is the heart that believes. The son hopes to find again his father. The mother will not consent to lose her child forever. This revolt against annihilation is the grandeur of man. The heart can never err. The flesh is a dream, which fades away. This trance, were it the end of man, would take from our existence every sanction. We cannot content ourselves with this vapor, which is mere matter; we must have certainty. Whoever loves, knows and feels that the prospects of man are not upon this earth; to love is to live after life. Without this faith, no deep gift of the heart were possible. To love, which is the aim of man, would be his punishment; paradise would be a hell. No; let it be declared, the loving creature demands the immortal creature. The heart must have a sun.

There is a heart in this coffin, and that heart lives. At this very moment it listens to my words. Emily De Putron was the gentle pride of a respectable family. Her friends and neighbors found enchantment in her graces and pleasure in her smile. She was like a full-blown flower of joy in the house. She is gone. Whither is she gone? Into darkness? No! It is we who are in the darkness; she is in the dawning light. She is in the light, in the truth, in the reality, in the recompense. These early dead, who have done no ill, are blessed of the grave, and their heads rise gently from the tomb towards a mysterious crown. Emily De Putron has gone to seek on high everlasting sincerity—the compliment of an innocent existence. Youth has gone to eternity, beauty towards the ideal, the pearl towards the ocean, a spirit towards its God. The soul, the marvel of this great celestial departure which we call death, is here—those who thus depart still remain near us. They are in a world of light, but they as tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness.

"They are over us and near us. Oh! whoever it may be who have seen a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think it has left you. The beauty of death is its presence. Inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes. The being that we mourn has disappeared but has not departed. We no longer see its gentle face, but we feel that wave beneath its wings. The dead are invisible, but they are not absent. Let us be just to death. Let us not be ungrateful to death. It is not, as has been said, a ruin and a snare. It is an error to think that here in the darkness of the open grave, all is lost to us. There every thing is found again. The grave is a place of restitution; there the soul resumes the Infinite, there it recovers its plenitude. There it re-enters on the possession of all its mysterious nature; it is set free from the body, from want, from its burthen, from fatality. Death is the greatest of liberties; it is also the farthest progress. Death is a higher step for all who have lived upon its height. Dazzling and holy every one receives his increase, everything is transfigured in the light and by the light. He who has been no more than virtuous on earth, becomes beautiful; he who has only been beautiful becomes sublime, and he who has only been sublime becomes good. And now, I, who am speaking, why am I here? What brings me to this grave, and by what right do I address the dead? and who am I? Nothing. But I am wrong, I am something. I am a proscrip-t. Yesterday exiled by violence, to-day a voluntary exile. A proscrip-t is a vanquished, a calumniated, a persecuted man, a man wounded by fate. A proscrip-t is an innocent man, weighed down by malediction. His blessing ought to have virtue in it. I bless this grave. I bless the noble gracious being that lies there. In the desert we find the oasis; in exile we meet with souls. Emily De Putron has been one of the lovely souls we have met. I come to pay her the debt owed by a proscrip-t, whom she has consoled. I bless her in the dark profound. In the name of the sorrow, whereon she gently beamed; in the name of the trials of destiny, which for her are ended, but which continue for us; in the name of terrestrial things, which once she hoped for, and of celestial things, which she now obtains; in the name of all she loved, I bless this lifeless being; I bless her in her beauty, in her youth, in her innocence, in her life and in her death. I bless her in her white sepulchral robes; in her home, which she has left desolate; in her coffin which her mother has filled with flowers, and which God is about to fill with stars."

Ristori, the Italian actress, who has caused so great a sensation in America, is now in her forty-first year. She is happily married to the Marquis Caprinica del Grillo—a Roman nobleman—and has two handsome children—a son and daughter, in their teens. All accompany her on her American tour. Like Jenny Lind, her private reputation is unsullied. Born in obscurity and poverty, she is a noble example of the self-made woman. The fame and fortune she enjoys sprang from genius and perseverance, intense study and exhaustive experience of life behind the foot lights.

THE USHER.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

Passed on to the higher life, from his residence in Philadelphia, on the 19th of January, 1867, WILLIAM H. CRANE, in the 51st year of his age.

He was an earnest, honest man, and among the pioneers in our cause here, having joined the First Association of Spiritualists in 1855, and continued with us since. He was a plain, humble man, but for him the truths of Spiritualism were very acceptable. During the last year he has been afflicted with a cancer, which, after very severe and protracted suffering, loosed the chains of mortality and set his spirit free. It was gratifying to witness the calm serenity with which he bore the agony of this terrible disease, and how hopefully and quietly he looked forward for that release which the angel of death alone could bring. The hour of release came, and we know him now as a brother spirit, with the same earnest, honest face that smiled on us here.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., February, 1867.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Persons or societies desiring to make arrangements for "physical manifestations" through the mediumship of Miss Ella Van Wie, can do so by addressing A. A. WHELOCK, St. Johns, Mich.

DR. MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS.—A Clairvoyantly discovered Specific for the certain cure of all Liver derangements. Worth their weight in gold to remove biliousness. Sent by mail, with full directions for use, for fifty cents and two three-cent stamps.

FIVE YEARS' USE—AND NO MISHAP.—Mr. G. A. Clark, of Brownville, N. Y., writing under date of Jan. 12, 1866, says: "Mrs. Clark has done her family sewing on the Willcox & Gibbs Machine for more than five years. She has worked in the house five years ago, which has been constantly more or less in use, and washed scores of times, but which she exhibits in as good condition as at the hour it was made."

SKATING.—One of most healthy sports of the present age is skating. But too much care cannot be taken after skating all the evening—getting the blood heated and the pores all open, that you do not get cold and lay the foundation of throat and lung complaints.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur, of Milwaukee, Wis., has removed his office to 112 Mason street, one street north of the Post office.

POLAND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are a sure cure for liver complaint, and all bilious derangements. They never fail. Can be obtained at all drug stores, or by mail. Price 50 cents.

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold regular meetings in Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues, every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

GALESBURG, ILL.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., in Olmsted's Hall, next building west of Galesburg House, third story.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet every Sunday evening in Bisco's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall), Main street, Public Circle Thursday evening.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 7 1/2 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church."

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets, at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Regular meetings at Moor's Hall, corner of Main and Fourth sts., at 10 30 A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sanson street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Progressive Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11 1/2 A. M.; evening lecture at 7 1/2.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings in Henry Hall every Sunday morning at 10 30 o'clock.

OWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings and have addresses by able speakers, in Union League Hall, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 3 P. M. Myron Colony, Conductor.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

J. Madison Allen, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Wood street, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allen, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Ludlow, Vt., 141 January 1st, 1867.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Mechanic's Hall, Charleston, Mass., during March; in Somers, Conn., during April.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmsted county, Minn.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis.

J. P. Cowles, M. D., will answer calls to lecture upon scientific subjects, embracing Hygiene, Physiology, (cerebral and organic) announcing truths new to the scientific world and of great practical use. Address 22 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Champlain, Hennepin Co., Minn.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. M. Davis will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 1155, Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Lizzie Doten. Address Pavilion, 67 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A. T. Foss lectures in Plymouth, Mass., during February; in Springfield, Mass., during March. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker. Address drawer X, Berlin, Wis.

E. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., until further notice. Address accordingly.

Mrs. Emma Hardings can be addressed during March and April, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Fugh, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; also, care of Thos. Kenney, Esq., 60 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

S. C. Hayford will answer calls to lecture, and organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Girard Avenue, Railroad Depot, Philadelphia, Pa., care of C. Mallory.

Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker. Address New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

Moses Hull, 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture, in any part of the United States.

Harvey A. Jones will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the vicinity of Yonkers, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Reform questions of the day.

Susie M. Johnson lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, during March; in Sturgis, Mich., in April. Address accordingly.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaks to the Friends of Progress at Monroe, O., the first Sunday, and at Andover the second Sunday of each month. Address accordingly.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Sturgis, Mich., during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in New England, during April, May and June. Friends on the Springfield and Boston road, who wish to secure her services, please address immediately at Hammon, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Mrs. Fannie Young, of Boston, will answer calls to lecture in the West this winter. Address 236 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLIC REGISTER.

We insert in this department the names of those whose address is an item of public interest.

- Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.
Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6225 Chicago, Ill.
B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.
Warren Chase. Address 644 Broadway, New York.
Henry T. Child, M. D., 624 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prof. J. Edwin Churchill. Address Pontiac, Mich.
Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office.
Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.
Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.
Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.
Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.
Rev. James Francis. Address, Katherville, Emmet co., Iowa.
Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.
N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.
J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.
W. H. Holsington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.
Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.
Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago.
S. S. Jones, President Illinois State Association of Spiritualists. Address, Room 12, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan.
Dr. Leo Miller, Box 2226, Chicago, Ill.
Ange M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.
J. L. Potter. Address, Burns, La Crosse Co., Wis.
Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan.
Austin E. Simons. Address Woodstock, Vt.
Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.
Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.
A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.
Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.
Lois Walsbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.
E. L. H. Willis. Address, P. O. box 39, Station D, New York City.

PROSPECTUS OF NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

This paper is expressly devoted to the Communications from Spirits. Mediums are requested to send in Communications, Visions and Prophecies, or to call at our office and have those spirits controlling their reported verbatim, free of charge. The future existence of this sheet depends upon the support of different spirits through different mediums and a liberal public.

EDITED BY MRS. A. BUFFUM, 194 South Clark Street, Room 11. 11-5m

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